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THE HOUSEHOLD

ESTABLISHED 1868. SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE.

Vol. 5.

BRATTLEBORO, VT., AUGUST, 1872.

No. 8.

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The Household.

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GEO. E. CROWELL,

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THE WOOD-ROBIN.

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

How calmly the lingering light
Beams back over woodland and main,
As an infant, ere closing its eyes at night,
Looks back on its mother again.

The wood-robin sings at my door,
And her song is the sweetest I hear,
From all the sweet birds that incessantly pour
Their notes through the noon of the year.

'Twas thus in my boyhood time—
That season of emerald and gold—
Ere the storm and the shadows that fall on our
prime
Had told me that pleasures grow old.

I loved in the warm summer eves
To recline on the welcoming sod,
By the broad spreading temple of twilight and
leaves
Where the wood-robin worshiped her God.

I knew not that life could endure
The burden it beareth to-day;
And I felt that my soul was as happy and pure
As the tone of the wood-robin's lay.

O, beautiful, beautiful youth,
With its visions of hope and of love;
How cruel is life to reveal us the truth
That peace only liveth above.

The wood-robin trills the same tune
From her thicket in garden and glen,
And the landscape and sky and the twilight of
June
Look lovely and glowing as then.

But I think of the glories that fell
In the harvest of sorrow and tears,
Till the song of the forest bird sounds like a
knell,
Tolling back through the valley of years.

Sweet bird, as thou singest forlorn,
Through the visions that rise from the past,
The deep of the future is purpling with morn,
And its mystery melting at last.

I know that the splendor of youth
Will return to me yet, and my soul
Will float in the sunlight of beauty and truth,
Where the tides of the Infinite roll.

O, I would fain arise and set sail
From the lowlands of trouble and pain;
But I wait on the shore for the tarrying gale,
And sigh for the haven in vain.

And I watch for the ripples to play,
And tell me the breezes are nigh,
Like a sailor who longs to be wafted away,
To the lands that lie hid in the sky.

But the whip-poor-will wails on the moor,
And day has deserted the west;
The moon glimmers down thro' the vines at my
door
And the robin has flown to her nest.

Adieu, gentle bird, ere the sun
Shall line the green forest with light,
Thou'lt wake from thy slumber more merry than
one
Who heard thee and blessed thee to-night.

RURAL EMBELLISHMENT.

FEW things more plainly indicate a
sound and profitable progress in
farm life, than those which are done
purposely for embellishment. Not for
expensive fences and grand buildings,
but for those things which make our
homes and neighborhoods more attrac-
tive.

Tasteful surroundings of our homes
have an important influence upon the
life. The heart is touched by them.
Manners and speech are refined, and the
old homestead, where the loving rela-
tions of life began, will always be re-
membered with a gush of feeling next
to devotion itself.

A single, true example of home em-
bellishment, will tend to refine the views
of a whole neighborhood. It will tend
to form ideas of elegance, grace and
symmetry in the young, and cultivate in
themselves a taste for beauty and refine-
ment in all things. Surrounded by such
influences, few of the young would grow
up with unfeeling hearts, or coarse or
clownish habits.

Most persons have the habit of "clear-
ing up" and beautifying in the spring.
The women to dust and scour and regu-
late generally, in the house. The vil-
lager to paint and paper, repair fences,
and make the best of the bit of land of
which he is owner. The farmer is also
excited to "clear up;" to remove the
rubbish accumulated about the house
during the winter; to rake over the door
yard, or the bit of lawn adjoining; make
snug the woodpile, or place it under cov-
er, and generally to improve appearances
by the exercise of a little good taste and
labor. All this is commendable, health-
ful, and in every way good. But more
may be done, so as to give a neighbor-
hood or town the aspect of a well culti-
vated garden.

It is cheap and easy for the farmer to
embellish his home. If the house has
no paint, it may have a grape vine or a
rose climbing over the porch or a win-
dow. If some panes of glass are patched,
the defect may be screened by a bloom-
ing heliotrope, fuchsia or verbena, in an
earthen pot, set upon the window sill
before it.

If there is no gravel walk to the door,
there may be a rose bush or a flowering
shrub by the side of the carriage path to
the house, so that the dusty or muddy
way may be unnoticed in the contem-
plation of the beautiful flower shrub.

Indeed, it is not the possession of
money, nor much leisure that will ren-
der a farmer's home attractive, but that
air of order and good taste which per-
vades everything. His fences near the
buildings must be whole, and standing
erect; his door-yards clean, where cows
do not chew the cud of contentment;
sink-spouts, or offensive objects screened
by groups of white pines, and here and
there a graceful elm, or a flourishing
rock maple standing, like a good angel,
with outstretched arms to protect the
house from summer heats or winter
blasts.

Any person who has skill to manage
a farm, has the requisite skill to embel-
lish the surroundings of the house.
Hundreds, however, will say they have
not the time. Can this be so, with
farmer or mechanic? We have rarely
known a farmer who did not find time
to attend an auction, where the cast-off
trumpery of several generations was to
be sold,—or to bring home a wagon load
or two of the rubbish to increase that
already about the doors, to torment the
women by adding it to the stock de-
posited in the garret.

The pleasure of making our home
attractive should be a gradual one. It
is too valuable to be prodigal with. A
little should be done, and well done, each
year, and whatever is done, carefully at-
tended to afterward. Suppose such had
been the practice for the last fifty years
in any of our New England towns,
would not such a town now be more at-
tractive than any that can be found in
the country?

The first step to take, is, utterly to
forget the old maxim, that

"Money makes the mare go,"

and remember the higher and nobler
truth that

The beautiful makes the soul grow

Home embellishment would soon lead
to the cultivation of a garden, where an
abundance of early and late vegetables
would be produced, and, with a variety
of fruits, would not only promote health
and happiness, but annually save a con-
siderable outlay of money. This saving
might then be applied to new paper or
paint in the house; carpets, new furni-
ture, clothing, books or tuition bills for
the children.—*New England Farmer.*

—What a blushing of faces there
would be in many homes if the house
was suddenly turned around, with its
back yard, in all its filth and disorder,
opened to the view of the passers-by!
But the outlook from the rear windows
of a home should be as gratifying as
from the front. Vines should clamber
over out-houses and all uncouth objects
that cannot be removed, (even though
the vines be nothing more than hop or
woodbine,) and tidiness should charac-
terize its keeping.



TASTEFUL FURNISHING.

WHEN we look around certain
houses, does it not almost seem
as if the objects in them have natures
of their own? Their unity of tone is so
thorough, they present such evidences
of subtle fancy, that they appear to have
acquired character and meaning. Of
course they manifest the ruling taste of
our time; but, with it there is some-
thing more, something that reveals indi-
vidual thought and gives almost vitality.

Blackwood's Magazine contains a de-
scription of the interior of a French
house, which we transfer to our columns:

"In the dining room there is an at-
mosphere which we do not often breathe
elsewhere. All is dark-brown cloth and
ebony; but the weakened daylight
which struggles in through the heavy
curtains, finds resting places and marks
points on the angles of the old *faience*
which stands upon the dresser, on the
steel hinges of the sideboards, which
flickers vaguely on the yellow and dull
blue of the hanging lamp. Brown walls
set in black beading, frame in the room,
and lend its aid to its austere but grand
effect.

The drawing rooms are painted in a
tint which the catalogues of color do
not define—something between a fading
China rose and half-ripe Indian corn.
Narrow bands of faint pearl grey sur-
rounded each panel, and here and
there a thin line of gold relieves the
gentleness of tone. Chairs of varied
shapes, all made for comfort and suited
to the position which each sitter may
wish to take, stand about in pleasant
irregularity. They are clothed in differ-
ent stuffs of all the finer sorts, so that
the varying sheen of damask, silk and
satin may prevent the uniformity of
one material; they are embroidered with
fantastic flowers of every hue, but cal-
culated so that each shall mingle with
and neutralize the other, the object
being to subordinate each part to the
whole effect. As the French say "noth-
ing screams," for all fits well together.

And plants with variegated leaves,
and books whose very binding has been
calculated for the place it is to occupy,
and the thousand trifles which lie about,
and the work basket from which skeins
of wool are cunningly allowed to over-
flow, because their colors will serve a
purpose, and the laced handkerchief left
trailing there in the angle of a sofa, in
order to light up by its whiteness a too
dark corner—all these things show
thought, all are contrived with skill and
art, with the one object of creating a

thoroughly charming room, where the *banalite* of to-day has never entered, but where the mistress asserts herself in her own handiwork.

Now go to the bedroom, and from the doorway observe it with your eyes, for never have you seen a picture so complete. The walls, the hangings, and the seats, are all in pale blue satin, edged sparingly with velvet of the same shade, and embroidered daintily with pale moss-rose buds, swathed in still paler yellow leaves. But this description, though exact, gives no idea of the effect produced by that wondrous tissue, of the incredible effect of delicacy and thorough feminine elegance which it sheds around.

The room is filled with a vague floating perfume of charm and grace; its every detail is combined to aid and sustain the almost fairy aspect it presents. The bed is shrouded in thickly wadded satin curtains, inside which hang others made of muslin so vaporously filmy that its folds seem almost mist; the coverlet, which hides the lace-trimmed sheets and pillows, is in blue satin, lined with eider down, and covered with the same veil of floating white, hanging down in a deep flounce over the woodwork of the bed. The toilette-table is the same—a nestling maze of transparency and lace, with blue beneath; and knots and streamers of mingled satin and velvet round. On the chimney piece stands a clock and candlesticks of Sevres china. The piano is in pale *bois de rose* (not rosewood, which is a very different substance,) inlaid with plates of Sevres to match. At night light comes from above, where hangs a lamp of Sevres again.

In our day with our actual ideas and actual wants, such rooms as these are typical; they represent the highest form of realization of modern taste without its faults, or rather, with as little of them as is consistent with the expenditure of so much money and so much thought.

PAPERING ROOMS.

Don't try to paper with a carpet down. Make paste, cut the bordering and paper the day before. If the wall has been whitewashed, it must be washed in vinegar, to neutralize the alkali in the lime. If papered before and you wish the paper removed, sop with water and it will peel off.

If convenient, provide a long board, wide as the paper, though a table or two will do. The paper must be measured, placed right side down on the board; then with a brush proceed to lay on the paste, not too thickly, but over every part, and be careful that the edges receive their share. When complete, double within three inches of the top, the paste sides being together; carry to the wall, mount your chair, and stick your three inches pasted paper on the wall at the top. That holds it; now strip down the other and see that it fits just right; if not, peel down and make right, then press to the wall from the center right and left, leaving no air under, or when warm it will expand bursting the paper. Of course the paper must be matched. It will not do to measure by line unless the walls are perfectly plumb.

Small figures make less waste, and make a small room look large. Stripes make a low room look higher, and if there are no figures between, or in the stripe to match, there is no waste, and

no trouble in putting it on. If a narrow border is the style, let it be bright, if the paper be neutral; but if that be bright the border had better be dark and neutral.

If the paste be too thick, the paper will be apt to crack and peel off; if too thin, it will saturate the paper too quickly and make it tender in putting on. A curtain duster (Brussels brush), is nice to brush the paper to the wall. White clean cloths will do, but it will not do to brush the paper with this; being damp, the paint or color rubs off the paper. The table must be dried each time after pasting, for the same reason. Paste under paper must not dry too quickly. If white-washing is to be done after papering, tack double strips of news paper wider than the border all around the room.—*Ex.*

THE FIRST CARPET.

I was once very much amused at an anecdote an old preacher told of himself. It occurred some sixty or seventy years ago. He had been raised in the backwoods and knew but little of the ways of the world. Having been admitted into Conference he was sent to a circuit, and upon a certain occasion was invited to dine with a wealthy man.

Carpets were not near so common then as they are now. Most people had their floors scoured very clean, and nice, white sand sprinkled over them. Sometimes an extra touch was given the floor by sprinkling black sand about in streaks and figures over the white.

This wealthy man with whom the young preacher was to dine, however, had a carpet, but it was not large enough to cover the floor, so there was a naked place all round the room about the width of a chair.

It was the first carpet the preacher had ever seen, and he thought it would not do to step on it, so he took a seat near the wall and drew his feet around on each side of his chair so as not to touch it.

After a while a servant came in, and spreading down a piece of linen in the middle of the room, placed the dining table on it and began to set it.

The preacher was greatly troubled; he did not know how he was to get from the naked place where he sat to the piece of linen on which the table stood. He knew he could easily jump it if he had a fair chance; but how was he to manage with the chair between his feet he did not know. But then the thing must be done some way; so when dinner was announced he arose from his chair, and summoning all his energies he made a desperate leap, and to his great joy made the trip in safety.—*Pacific Methodist.*

MANNERS.

Young folks should be mannerly. How to be so is the question. Many a good boy and girl feel that they cannot behave to suit themselves in the presence of company. They feel timid, bashful and self-distrustful, the moment they are addressed by a stranger, or appear in company. There is but one way to get over this feeling and acquire easy and graceful manners; that is to do the best they can all the time, at home as well as abroad.

Good manners are not learned from arbitrary teaching, so much as acquired from habit. They grow upon us by use.

We must be courteous and agreeable, civil, kind, gentlemanly and womanly, at home, and then it will soon become a kind of second nature to be so everywhere.

A coarse rough manner at home begets a habit of roughness which we cannot lay off, if we try, when among strangers. The most agreeable people we have ever known in company are those that were perfectly agreeable at home. Home is the school for all the best things, especially good manners.



PROCESSION OF THE FLOWERS.

AFTER the vernal equinox has passed, and the lengthening days begin to give promise of soft winds and warm rains, when the alders hang out their pendant tags, the willows unfold their downy catkins, and the white maple blushes at its efforts at adornment; when the grass in sheltered places thrusts its lanceolate blades through the turf, and the first chirp of the robin is heard, then comes over the human heart an unutterable longing to see again those bright, hopeful old friends, the flowers. We watch and wait with impatience for their appearance; we carefully take off their winter cover; we poke at the old borders, and exult at the first tiny sprout that, like an advance picket, announces that the grand army of buds and fragrant blossoms have started and will soon be here.

We are strangely under the subtle influences which Nature, in her gentle yet persuasive ways, is constantly exercising over us, and to none are we more susceptible than to the beauties which each year pass before us in the wonderful procession of flowers. We are charmed by the swelling bud, the first leaf, the shooting stem, and more than all by the complete full bloom. This enjoyment is greatest at the commencement of the season, after our long northern winter, that has kept our friends out of sight for so many months, has given place to the soft, genial influence of spring. A hearty and even enthusiastic welcome always awaits the first flowers of the season. Of all the bright train none are more daintily cherished and petted than the first violet, crocus, or hepatica that greets us after our long separation. They are saluted with smiles and words of endearment by all. Even the aged man speaks tenderly of them, and relates how he used to search the woods, and along the sunny banks of the brook, to be first to bring the liverworts and dog-tooth violets to the darlings at home. These first harbingers of spring are promises "strong as proofs of Holy Writ," of the great variety and abundance of flowers that will pass before us in one beautiful panorama during all the summer months.

Hardly are we accustomed to the presence of these first bright visitors before the pure white blossoms of the bloodroot, the blue *anemone*, and the *houstonia* may be found on the southern banks and in the edge of the wood. Quickly following them are the *Trillium erectum* and trailing *arbutus*, which sentimental young ladies are fond of talking about, but seldom seek or find in their native haunts. The tulip, with its chalice-like

corolla, over which so many Dutchmen have gone mad and been ruined, come forth in almost infinite variety of colors. The daffodil and the *Viola tricolor* of our gardens are cotemporaries of these. A little later the *claytonia*, the smiling-faced dandelion and cowslip put in a welcome appearance; while here and there shad-blossoms deck the wood with their fragrant white flowers.

About the middle of May, when throughout the Middle States and New England the forests are fast thickening with new foliage and the pastures and meadows are thick with verdure, there is shed over the entire country, resting on the apple orchards, a shower of pink and white bloom, whose fragrance pervades the atmosphere as a divine afflatus. Nothing in our northern latitude ever sheds such a charm over the landscape as the blossoming orchards, made vocal with the music of the song-sparrow and bobolink. Almost at the same time the cultivated fields are made beautiful with the heading of the early grain, and the meadows are radiant and sweet with clover and buttercups; while the gardens are blushing with pinks and lilacs, *amygdalis* and carnations, and the lily of the valley, *hyacinth*, *myrtle*, and honest-eyed pansies, with the English daisy are smiling on all.

If we look into the swamps and cool, wet places about the last of May, we shall be likely to find azaleas in their showy beauty, holding high in air large rich clusters of beautiful pink blossoms; and though they may not be quite as dark and intense in color as their tropical sisters, whose home is in the far off Himalayas, yet they are very charming and attractive, taking high rank among our wild flowers.

June ushers in the high noon of the floral season. In this month of roses the season culminates, and the great family of flowers put on their most delicate and beautiful tints. The great variety of roses vie with each other in color and beauty, giving us every degree, from the poorest white through all the shades of yellow and pink, down to the darkest red and crimson, till some are almost black. The rose has no rival save the camellia; and this fails, in that it has no fragrance. Before June is gone the sculptured buds of the mountain laurel begin to unfold; and from thenceforward for weeks, this woodland queen reigns supreme. Through the swamps and deep valleys, along the lanes and in the woods, it lifts its great masses of pinkish flowers, adorning with wondrous beauty every spot where it grows. In color it ranges from the purest white to a perfect rose-pink. The entire shrub is remarkable for its vigor, and rewards any amount of hard treatment with an extra supply of bloom the next season.

After the first of July, when the mower's scythe is heard swishing through the clover and red-top of the meadows, Nature begins to deck her fairy children in deeper tints, thus to prepare the way for the decline and close of the season. The *salvias* of the garden hang out their scarlet and purple robes; candytuft, portulacca, and verbenas do their best to be sweet and beautiful; while the old-fashioned bachelor's button, marigold, morning glory, and lady's slipper ask to be remembered for the sake of "auld lang syne." Lilies of the field and garden now put forth their orange, red and white terminal flowers, adding new charms to the passing pageant. Along the old walls the *sambucus* raises its head, put-

ting forth its large, white, fragrant umbels; and the blue gentian, spireas, and golden rod make the hills gorgeous with their variegated blossoms.

In some parts of the country, in the month of August, in shady, moist places, along the banks of streams, can be found the flaming cardinal flower, in company with the exquisite orchids, enjoying the warm season at these quiet "watering-places." During this month the large and important family of "mints" and sweet herbs, adorned as best they can in their modest purple robes with fragrant foliage, pass by, suggesting comfort and relief for the "innocents;" while the gardens are still lovely with the dark-eyed coreopsis, larkspur, sweet alyssum, and sweeter mignonette, the rose-like zinnias, the geraniums, and the lofty lychnidias, who smile on us as they journey on in the glorious procession. Finally autumn comes, with its evening tints of frost. The spring and summer flowers have put off their gay colors and retired to their *pericarpis* to rest.

The flowers of autumn, though not as abundant, possess qualities which, perhaps, make them equally attractive with those of summer. There are few flowers at any season that excel in beauty and loveliness, in the innumerable shades of color and abundant bloom, the aster. None cultivated in our gardens wear a more frank, cheerful, and hopeful countenance than this early autumnal flower. It lingers long, each remaining blossom growing larger and more deep in color. With this we have the sweet, never-to-be-forgotten *Polyanthus tuberosa*, the delightful fragrance of whose flowers suggests paradise. No garden can properly close the season of out-door bloom without this. Like the song of the dying swan, this, one of the latest of the flowers, is the sweetest. The ripening and falling leaves of October force upon us the perhaps unwelcome fact that the summer is ended. The few remaining flowers—like the yarrow and life everlasting of the fields, the chrysanthemums, coxcomb, aramantus, and immortelles of our gardens—are all that are left; and they, beautiful in death as in life, we will gather into winter bouquets, to suggest with the returning season the return of the procession of the flowers.—*The Independent*.

HOW TO MAKE A FRESH WATER AQUARIUM.

The fresh water aquarium, or drawing-room fish-pond is a pleasing and interesting ornament for a city or suburban home. It is cheaply and easily made, and requires but little care.

Comparatively few persons can adorn their homes with costly pictures and statues, but almost any one with a love of nature and art may have an aquarium, fulfilling in miniature reality the glowing and poetic water legends of Northern and Oriental climes. It is the expression of a cultured taste, more than the embellishments of wealth, that makes a charming home.

A tank for a fresh water aquarium may be constructed of four plates of glass, with a large piece of slate or of metal for a bottom. Or, the tank may be made wholly of metal, and set like a large sink in a bay or oriel window. We have seen an aquarium of this kind, surrounded with growing plants, in the midst of which is a miniature cottage, covered with mosses, a perfect living picture, as it were of the charms of rural life.

The successful fresh water aquarium is a thing of recent date, and we cannot better give a view of its requisites than by showing how it was perfected by the discovery of the English naturalist, Mr. Warrington.

It used to be found a difficult thing to keep even gold and silver fish alive for any considerable length of time in the common glass globes. Fish emit carbonic acid gas, which soon poisons a confined body of water, destroying animal life. It was, however, at last discovered that plants consume this gas, using as food the noxious vapors emitted by animals.

Starting with this principle, Mr. Warrington set about breeding fish in tanks with the aid of marine plants. He succeeded admirably, at first, but, after a time, a change came over his little worlds. The water became impure, and the fish perished. By the aid of the microscope, he discovered a vegetable poison arising from the decaying plants.

But in rivers and ponds plants decay without destroying animal life. What was the reason? The experimentalist went to a pond in the vicinity and explored the bottom with care. He found decaying vegetable matter, but likewise water snails doing duty as scavengers.

Here was the secret—an arrangement of Providence as wonderful as it was hidden. Rittenhouse fainted when he beheld Venus crossing the disk of the sun, and our naturalist, like a true man of science, wept like a child when he discovered how Divine Wisdom purified and protected the rivers and streams.

In constructing your aquarium you will, therefore, supply the water with growing plants, such as delicate grasses, mosses, ferns, and with snails and muscels to consume decaying vegetation. If the window sink is used for the aquarium it is well to surround it with growing plants, like the calla lily, and to cover the bottom with clusters of pebbles and marine shells.

In selecting fishes for the aquarium gold and silver fishes will, of course, have the first choice, and after them the minnows. The beauty of these fish, their habits and the management that they require are too well known for an extended notice in a necessarily brief article.

The perch is a suitable fish for the fresh water aquarium, for a reason that may not be well known. It is one of the few fishes that may be tamed, and made to show its docility by taking food from the fingers.

The pike, which is the shark of fresh water, may be put into an aquarium with gold fish and perch, but not with other fishes. Even with the gold fish it is not fully to be trusted, as, when hungry, it has been known to eat its own species.

The trout is a handsome fish for the aquarium, with its crimson, spotted sides, but, like the pike, it must be well fed and kept away from smaller fishes.

The eel may be used with safety—a small one—and frogs may be kept with larger fish.

The newt may also be added to the happy family. Notwithstanding the antipathy against it, on account of its resemblance to the lizard, it is perfectly harmless. During the breeding season it exhibits a variety of shining colors,—orange, olive green, with a mottling of brown and scarlet.

The water spider is a curious insect, and, if possible, should be secured for

the aquarium. It spends the greater part of its time beneath the water, coming to the surface to seize its prey and to obtain a fresh supply of air for its sub-aquatic home.

Reclining figures of plaster or of Parian marble, representing Undine, the Naiads, mermaids, may be added to the ornamental shells and pebbles at the bottom of the aquarium, to give it a poetic and classical expression, and if the tank be a large one, an artificial island of stones, mosses and ferns, with a syphon fountain, may be made in the middle.

TUNES TAUGHT TO BIRDS.

Each kind of bird sings its own peculiar notes, but all may be taught to sing regular tunes. The mocking-bird and thrush learn tunes without training. But, by a regular education, other birds may become fine performers. A contributor to the Nursery says:

Last summer I was at a friend's house at Nahant. I rose early in the morning, and went down stairs to walk on the piazza. While there I heard as I thought, some person whistling a tune in a very sweet style. I looked around, but could see no one. Where could the sound come from? I looked up and saw a little bird in a cage. The cage was hung in the midst of flowers and twining plants.

"Can it be," thought I, "that such a little bird as that has been taught to sing a regular tune so sweetly?"

I did not know what to make of it. When my friend came down stairs, she told me that it was indeed the little bird who had whistled the sweet tune. Then my friend cried out to the bird, "Come, Bully, Bully, sweet little bulfinch, give us just one more tune." And then this dear little bird hopped about the cage, looked at its mistress and whistled another sweet tune. It was so strange to hear a bird whistle a regular tune!

"Now, Bully," said my friend, "you must give us 'Yankee Doodle.' Come, come, you shall have some nice fresh seed if you will whistle 'Yankee Doodle.'" And the little thing did whistle it, much to my surprise.

My friend then told me that she had brought the bird from the little town of Fulda, in Germany, where there are little schools for teaching these birds to sing. When a bulfinch has learned to sing two or three tunes, he is worth from forty to sixty dollars, for he will bring that price in France or England.

Great skill and patience are needed to teach these birds. Few teachers can have the time to give to the children under their charge so much care as the bird-teachers give to their bird-pupils.

The birds are put into classes of about six each, and kept for a time in a dark room. Here, when their food is given to them, they are made to hear music, so that when they have eaten their food, or when they want more food, they will sing, and try to imitate the tune they have just heard. This tune they probably connect with the act of feeding. As soon as they begin to imitate a few notes, the light is let into the room, and this cheers them still more, and makes them feel as if they would like to sing. In some of these schools the birds are allowed neither light nor food till they begin to sing. These are the schools where the teachers are most strict.

After being thus taught in classes, each bulfinch is put under the care of a boy, who plays his organ from morning till night, while the master or mistress of

the bird-school goes round to see how the pupils are getting on.

The bulfinches seem to know at once when they are scolded and when they are praised by their master or mistress; and they like to be petted when they have done well. The training goes on for nine months; and then the birds have got their education, and are sent to England or France, and sometimes to America, to be sold.

FLOWER BEDS.

To cultivate flowering plants to the best advantage requires as much care in the selection and preparation of the soil as any other crop. No one would expect to grow a crop of cabbages in soil overrun by the roots of trees and shaded continuously by their dense foliage, yet how often do we observe flowering plants placed in such circumstances, producing a few meager flowers in the early part of the season, perhaps, and dwindling and dying as soon as a few dry sunny days occur. Most summer flowering plants blossom on the points on branches, and therefore to produce a continuance of flowers, there must be a continued healthy and vigorous growth. It is true there are some flowers adapted to shade, like the fuchsias, daisies, etc., and these should be selected for such positions. Heliotropes and some of the geraniums do well where there is sun only a few hours a day.

Select an open exposure where the sun will have free access to the plants, dig the ground very deep, and dress heavily with thoroughly decomposed manure, so that the roots may have some supporting resort when the surface moisture falls.

A small circular or oval bed ten or twelve feet in diameter, properly prepared and planted with flowers from pots, will produce a continued mass of flowers even in the driest summers. In arranging the plants there is much latitude for taste, and very striking combinations may be secured.

Rose beds are much more beautiful and satisfactory, when only a few well-known, hardy and continued blooming kinds are employed, than when planted indiscriminately, with robust and tall-growing sorts crowding those of more delicate growth. In larger yards, where several beds can be made, there will be a better opportunity for a display of this kind of cultivated taste.—*German Town Telegraph*.

MADEIRA VINE.

For a fine climber, this vine with its thick, glossy green leaves, rapid growth, and sweet scented flowers, that appear late in the fall, cannot be excelled. Trellises, lattice work and windows are quickly covered by it. A single root will completely cover a window in a season. There is no special beauty about the flowers, which are borne in long racemes; but their fragrance makes up the lack. The roots are tuberous, and in the fall when the frost has killed the vine, they should be taken up and put away in a dry place beyond freezing. In March put them in pots or boxes and set in a warm south window, and the vine will have a good start by the time the ground is warm and weather settled out of doors. They are also fine for hanging baskets in winter, or trained up the side of the window and over it, making a green arch.



THE NEW BONNET.

A foolish little maiden bought a foolish little bonnet,
With a ribbon, and a feather, and a bit of lace upon it;
And that the other maidens of the little town might know it,
She thought she'd go to meeting the next Sunday just to show it.

But though the little bonnet was scarce larger than a dime,
The getting of it settled proved to be a work of time;
So when 'twas fairly tied, all the bells had stopped their ringing,
And when she came to meeting, sure enough, the folks were singing.

So this little, foolish maiden stood and waited at the door;
And she shook her ruffles out behind, and smoothed them down before.
"Hallelujah! hallelujah!" sang the choir above her head,—
"Hardly knew you! hardly knew you!" were the words she thought they said.

This made the little maiden feel so very, very cross,
That she gave her mouth a twist, her little head a toss;
For she thought the very hymn they sang was all about her bonnet,
With the ribbon, and the feather, and the bit of lace upon it.

And she would not wait to listen to the sermon or the prayer,
But pattered down the silent street and hurried up the stair,
Till she reached her little bureau, and in a band-box on it
Had hidden safe from critic's eye, her foolish little bonnet.

Which proves, my little maidens, that each of you will find
In every Sabbath service but an echo of your mind;
And that the little head that's filled with silly little airs
Will never get a blessing from sermons or from prayers.

Our Young Folks.

FOLDS AND BLIND-STITCH FOLDS.

"HERE," said I, as I shook out the folds of some material that I had purchased for a new suit, "I am not going to make a martyr of myself in trimming this, you see if I do."

"I think that I have heard the same remark from you before," said Leonidas, with provoking coolness. "And so for once you are going to dispense with trimmings are you?"

"Oh, no," I replied, "not entirely, of course, for a nice suit like this, but I am going to trim in a plain sensible manner, just enough to avoid oddity; instead of spending half the summer in ruffling, and scalloping, and plaiting, as the heights of fashion still demands."

"But, I thought you said," interrupted Leonidas, "that you was not going to try to do your dressmaking, seeing you had quite enough of plain sewing on hand to do."

"Well, I did say so, but Madame, my dress-maker, is behind hand and crowded with work since her daughter has been sick, and now I have decided on having her do my cutting, and make up the suit myself. That will save not a few dollars, and if I do not go deep into trimming I need not make a martyr of myself in doing it."

"Perhaps not," quoth Leon, as he took up his hat to go out, "we will see.

Only be sure to have it finished so that should you chance to have an invitation to go to Boston about jubilee time that you will not be obliged to decline because you have nothing to wear, as of course no lady has anything fit to be seen unless she has something new and in the latest fashion, or at least that she has just repaired."

"Oh, no danger," said I, "but I shall be ready! Why, the jubilee is six weeks ahead, and I think I can make a suit and repair others while the Coliseum is building; if I cannot I will have some one help me," added I, laughing at the very idea of the comparative magnitude of the two undertakings.

"And I will not make a martyr of myself this time either," said I to myself, forgetting for the moment a word of caution once given by one of Israel's kings, (and which may be applied, without irreverence, to our every day life and its little things.) "Let not him that girdeth on his harness boast himself as he that putteth it off."

At an early day I had my cutting done, and then the trimming part was discussed. Various patterns and styles were examined, and a multitude of suggestions made by Madame, but I insisted on not trimming elaborately, for I rightly maintained, that for a rich material like mine half the beauty was sacrificed by over-much trimming, and at the same time a common article of cloth is only made ridiculous by the crowd of ruffles and frills frequently attached to the garment.

At last we decided on bias folds. They would be in good style and not look fussy or elaborate. Plain folds, my *modiste* said, of the dress material alternated or headed by folds of gros grain, finished with French folds, would be just the thing, and look both simple and elegant when done, and be simple to make.

Ah, that was nice I thought, only folds to put on, and the gros grain a shade darker than the dress material, would give the whole a good effect, I was sure, and suit me perfectly. I had trimmed my last suit with fringe and wanted something different for this one.

Now though the numerous parts of my suit were cut and fitted, the folds were not cut—I could do that myself. It is a nice job, as any one knows, to get them cut evenly and a perfectly true bias all through, as they must be to put on handsomely. And then a fold makes so little show that one will not suffice as will a single ruffle to complete the trimming.

Well I began to find that the cutting of these was more of a task than I had anticipated, but consoled myself that I was doing my work in the plainest and easiest manner possible, and went on. And then I found there was very little of my work which could be done on the sewing-machine. Every fold must be put on by hand, and exactly even or else the effect was spoiled, and by the time I had the first row put on to the skirt proper, I began to realize that my work was more difficult than I had dreamed of. A given number of the plain folds must be basted and sewed evenly on, and then must be added at least two rows of the blind fold, for a neat finished heading.

Dear Martyrs, with me, of this Period, did you ever undertake the making of these blind-stitch folds, and do you remember the first time? If so, then you can put yourself in my place, for this was my first time. Madame Le Ray

had taken a piece of silk from her table, and deftly folding it took a needle and showed me how easy it was made, "so simple you see," she said, "and after getting a little accustomed to it you will do it nicely." And I was simple enough to think so; it may be easy for her, but for you and for me it might prove a different affair. I, at least found it so and presume you have some of you been equally tried.

Then like the discontented pendulum, in the old story, I began to count the probable yards of folds and blind folds to be made and put on to the entire suit! If a gown was the simple affair it once was, the labor might not appear such a formidable undertaking, but to think of the skirt proper, then the overskirt or polonaise—if the latter, to be trimmed top, middle, and bottom perhaps; if basque that to be trimmed, then the street sacque or talma, and the finishing bows, which are indispensable; and—what is the building of the Coliseum to Mr. Gilmore's confident genius, even if it blow down more than once, to this task for one pair of hands, and those hands also cumbered with other cares and labors? This was what I thought before the first week's efforts on my suit were completed, and then scarce a beginning had been made. However, I was careful to say nothing to Leonidas of my discouragement.

And did you, sister martyrs, ever undertake any thing of the kind but that you found you had altogether more, in the mean time, to do of other work than you had planned doing, and had a thousand hindrances you had not foreseen? Perhaps the children came down with the measles, or your girl left you, or you had unexpected company, or your time in some way demanded, so that your leisure for sewing dwindled down to almost no time at all, some days, if not all? And in case you have neither children to have measles, or servants to leave you, you will perhaps jam your hand helping "right things" after house cleaning, or find that your chamber carpet must be ripped apart and turned around to get the thin places outside, when you had not thought it worn till it was taken up, or half a dozen other things of more or less magnitude, which takes the time without mercy, and leaves us so little to call our own.

Well in my case various hindrances occurred, and one week my thimble finger was sore from a splinter run under the nail, so I could only cut folds to make any progress with my sewing. And the next week aunt Rachel came for a three or four day's visit, so I could sew little while she was with us. Had she only come when I could not use my hand I could have better entertained her, for she liked to have her friends devoted to her. And dear aunt Rachel, who could scarce make more of an own child than she did of me, and then for me to begrudge the time to make her happy; and all because I wished to be putting useless additions on to my apparel! For when aunt Rachel came, she expected me to give up my time mostly to her, as was my custom to do. She always had some shopping to do, and I must go with her, then her caps must be modernized, and various things done, which was my wont to do for her, as I took pride in doing. I must also call on some of our acquaintances with her and invite Mrs. and Miss Strong, her old friends, to tea, read the letters to her I had had from various family

friends since she last visited us, which in all you see consumed the week leaving me scarce time to do necessary mending and repairing that each week must be done.

I tried however to let my dress rest, and be as thoughtful as usual for my guest, but fear that I almost failed to feel hospitable after all. Why I fear so is because I overheard aunt Rachel tell Leonidas that she feared Lavina was not as glad to see her as usual, and wondered what the trouble was.

"Why," said Leon, "she has been absorbed in that new finery she showed you, ever since she commenced it, and dress making always makes her feel a mountain load of care till it is over; that is all. I wish," he added "that fashion would be more reasonable, or else women buy ready made suits, and save themselves such a source of care."

"But I thought," replied aunt Rachel, "that Lavina did not go to the extreme of fashion, or care for all the furbelows that many do in these days."

"In theory, she don't," fluently replied Leonidas, "and in fact thinks herself a model of sensible ideas on the subject, but come to the practice, and something new on the docket, she must conform to prevailing styles, and just because she rather despises, what she feels she must adopt, she is a constant martyr, while not intending to be one at all."

"Well, it is too bad," said aunt Rachel, "for her to put her work aside for me—only think, fixing me up in new caps and collars, and letting her new things go. And the fact is," went on my thoughtful great Aunt, "we are all of us more or less devoted to fashion, though I manage to dress without overskirts; for imagine" said she laughing, "my coming out thus, though I like to be well dressed, even at my years—old lady style, however."

Ah, how I blessed her for her kindly words, for her womanly heart understood something of how the martyrdom came about and must be endured. And then it was just as Leon had said. I do despise such gettings-up as a ladies toilet now presents, yet must, in a measure, conform to it or be odd. And because I am not in love with every new absurdity, it is so much the more difficult for me to be interested in the making thereof, and so much more trying for me to spend my time on what seems needless work.

Well to go back to my half-made suit where I left it. The week after aunt Rachel left, (and who left so much love behind that I was happier for her visit) I thought I might hope to nearly or quite finish my self appointed task. But oh how those many folds, and especially the blind folds tired me and tried my patience, and I seemed to scarce see my work progress amidst my other labors, yet it was in a more hopeful state.

One day, when I was getting my hand in deftly at the blind folds, Leonidas came in and telling me that business called him half a dozen miles into the country, asked if I would not go with him, for the ride and rest it would give me.

"Oh, how glad I should be to go," I said—"but my sewing—should I leave that?" I queried. I was to have a whole afternoon to myself, and after having been so much hindered it seemed as though I must improve my time now.

But the ride! to see the broad country in the witching spring time, or rather

early summer, as it almost was, would be delightful and give me such a feast of enjoyment; for though we are not in the pent up city of brick and mortar entirely, yet the farming country was just the beauty my eyes longed to see. I must go I thought.

But there was so much to do; I could not have my cake and eat it too, I reasoned, and if I took this slice now I might not be ready for the jubilee, as the Coliseum was progressing much faster than was my wardrobe, and I had tried, in vain, to get some skillful hand to help me for a few days.

And so looking on all sides of the matter I decided I must give up the ride, and saw Leonidas drive away, with tears in my heart, if not in my eyes. And then I sat cogitating, as I sewed and was ready to own that I was a martyr once more, in spite of my resolutions to the contrary. For oh, was I not losing a true feast of enjoyment, something that would give satisfaction to the higher, more aesthetic in our nature, for what would be only a passing gratification to our vanity, or to conformity to other's opinion, which in many cases is nearer the truth? And there were new books I was longing to read, but must put on folds instead. There were friends on whom I ought to call, and where my presence might do good, but to all I must say, "wait till this work is done and then I will make it all up."

But will the freshness and beauty of spring time come back again this year for me to delight in? And how little have I had time to study Nature, because I must practice the art of—doing useless needle work. I may read the books hereafter, but, mean time, am I losing nothing? For does not the mind and soul, like the body need its daily food; can mere husks satisfy? We may live on stinted allowance of bread for a day or two, in case of necessity, but after a little time we feel the effects of the meagre diet, whether others note it or not. And the good we might have done is undone while the same opportunity may not return again, or the pleasure we might have given another was withheld, and thus we lost the blessedness that comes from such little things.

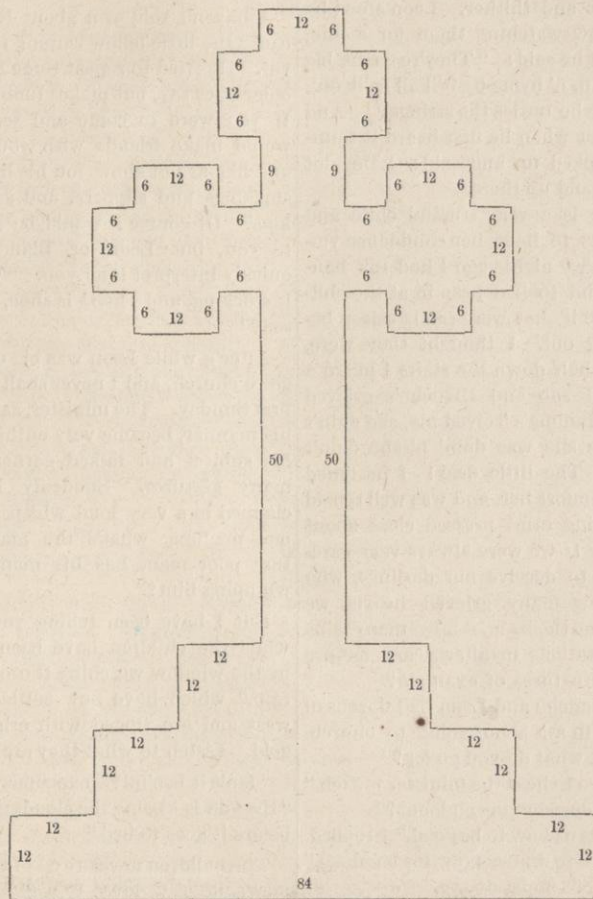
But I thought as I still faster considered the subject, that we are often unwillingly led to thus make martyrs of ourselves, and to take upon us more than we can consistently perform. We are not competent to count the cost (of hard labor and vexation) in the commencement, nor to allow for the hindrances that will inevitably come. We do not intend to let the spring and its beauties go by, and we be too much absorbed in our work to have an opportunity to enjoy them; we do not intend to sacrifice so many things on the altar of fashion as we find, afterwards, we have done.

One reason of our miscalculation is, that skilled dress-makers, in advising us, do not realize how much more of a task the same amount of work is for one who only now and then undertakes the fashioning of a modern suit, than it is for them constantly in the business, and when they tell us a certain style is simple, it may be to them, though we find it far from being the case. The same may be said with regard to directions with patterns—they seem plain to the understanding, but often no easy task to perform. And we learn little by our experience, forgetting, when the new is on hand to make, the vexation the last

A MALTESE CROSS TO FRAME.

GEO. E. CROWELL:—Having promised in your May number to send pattern and directions for making "a cross to frame" to a lady, I have been literally deluged with applications for same by ladies from everywhere, and finding it impossible to comply with all the requests, have prepared a rather rude design for pattern, and will add directions, and ask you to publish at the earliest moment to stop the flood. Please publish and oblige, besides a great many others, yours very truly,
Adams Center, N. Y.

MRS. A. B. PRENTICE.



DIRECTIONS.—Procure fine perforated board and cut by diagram, in the perforations, counting the number of holes, two crosses alike, then cut off from one, one row clear around. Then cut another like the smaller one and reduce that the same, and so on, keep cutting two of a size and cutting one off one row. After a few courses the base will be separate from the upright. Paste together very carefully the largest and one next in size, and so on till the last will be the space between two rows of perforations. Use paste made of corn starch. Frame with the cross fastened with paste, or otherwise, on a background of black velvet or velveteen.

caused us, and confident that we can do to better advantage this time.

Few women, those at least burdened with the care of housekeeping, ought to undertake their own dress-making, or are strong enough in nerve and body to assume it. It is better for the over-tasked wife and mother to have one suit less during the season, and put it out of her hands to be made, than to wear out her patience, and consume the needed time that it requires for her, in her only leisure, to accomplish it. She needs her leisure for other purposes, and her mind ought not to be crowded with so many cares and varieties of work. For one whose hand is in the work will make a dress in half the time she can do it, let her count time by hours spent, and thus her task costs her double price. For health, and strength, and nerve, and cheerfulness are things beyond price, and of which the money value cannot be computed.

But if we think we must assume this burden in addition to our other cares, we must make up our minds to ever be martyrs, or else be willing to think less of appearances and adapt our dress to our circumstances. It is not the poorest who thus make martyrs of themselves but those of us who wish, with comparatively limited means, to follow the

lead of those who have both time to devote to the intricacies of dress, and means with which to get their work done for them. And many who impose the task upon themselves do it, not because necessity demands it, but because they think they must, from mere habit, do everything for themselves, and thus save so much in the end. But it is not economy to do thus; it is a loss that cannot afterwards be made up to us.

Well to go back: my last fold is put on to my suit, and the Coliseum is nearly finished. Whether one will see the other yet remains to be decided, but of one thing I am sure that I shall never be blinded by blind folds again, or be led to believe that because a thing looks as if it might be simple to do, that it really will be. But while I have been making a martyr of myself, I know that multitudes of others have been doing the same in the mean time, but alas, for those who willingly suffer martyrdoms for the sake of seeing how many changes they can have of raiment or how they can out do others in the absurdity of much trimming! With due humiliation, I must sign myself once more,

A MARTYR OF THE PERIOD.

—Alum or vinegar is good to set colors of red, green or yellow.

SUITABLE DRESSES.

As for dresses suitable to certain persons, I need say but little. There are many books on the etiquette of dress, showing what is proper to be worn in the morning and in the evening and at noonday. A few very simple rules will suffice here:

Those who are stout should wear nothing but black; those who are very thin should put a little padding in their gowns; and neither should be in the least décolleté. Perpendicular stripes in dresses give height, and increase fullness, and therefore particularly suited to very slight small people, and particularly unfitted for stout figures.

To fair persons blue is becoming—but not very blue. Dark blue, or too brilliant a blue, is extremely unbecoming to that kind of complexion, and makes the skin yellow and the hair sandy. It is the old, pale, dark blue that really makes sand gold. Pink, especially the old fashioned yellow pink, is, when not too brilliant, becoming to all complexions except that which goes with red hair. Light green may be safely worn by the very dark, the very rosy, and by the very pale when the skin is extremely clear; but to ordinary English faces it is a trying color, though there are many people who look well in nothing else. Green mixed properly with pale blue, is very becoming indeed.

Gray is the most beautiful color for old and young—I mean the soft silver gray which is formed of equal parts of black and white, with no touch of mauve in it. It admits of any color in trimming, and throws up the bloom of the skin. Rose-color, for some people, is pretty and not unbecoming. White so disastrous to rooms, is generally becoming in dress—only very coarse complexions are spoiled by it.

Short women should never wear double skirts or tunics—they decrease the height so much; unless, indeed, the tunic is very short and the skirt very long. So also do large, sprawling patterns used for trimmings. Let these be left to women tall enough to carry them off. Neither let a very little woman wear her hair half down her back; let her lift it clean up as high as possible.

—In the advertising columns of The New York Sun, in 1855, appeared an advertisement as follows: "Extraordinary Phenomenon. The wonderful curiosity, the New Hampshire Mammoth Girl, weighing over six hundred pounds, and still growing every day. It takes twelve and three-fourth yards to make her a dress. She measures six feet six inches around the waist: nine feet around the hips, three feet across the shoulders." Nowadays it requires twenty-two yards to make a dress for a medium sized woman.

—A clever writer has to say "Concerning Dress." "To come to the conclusion of the whole matter: To be well dressed requires, first, to be neatly dressed; next, to be appropriately dressed; last, but not least, to be dressed within one's means. The costume that is unpaid for is not a becoming costume to anybody; and robbing Peter to pay Paul is poor policy at best."

—We are told in one of the fashion papers that "the fashionable color for gloves is a subdued mouse," but we are not told where to procure the "subdued mouse" from which to extract the color.



THE CHANGELING.

A STORY TOLD TO GRACIE.

One day in summer's glow
Not many years ago,
A little baby lay upon my knee,
With rings of silken hair,
And fingers waxen fair,
Tiny and soft, and pink as pink could be.

We watched it thrive and grow.—
Ah me! we loved it so,—
And marked its daily gain of sweeter charms;
It learned to laugh and crow,
And play, and kiss us—so—
Until one day we missed it from our arms.

In sudden, strange surprise
We met each other's eyes,
Asking, "Who stole our pretty babe away?"
We questioned earth and air,
But, seeking everywhere,
We never found it from that summer day.

But in its wonted place
There was another face—
A little girl's with yellow-curly hair
About her shoulders tossed,—
And the sweet babe we lost
Seemed sometimes looking from her eyes so fair.

She dances, romps, and sings,
And does a hundred things
Which my lost baby never tried to do;
She longs to read in books,
And with bright eager looks
Is always asking questions strange and new.

And I can scarcely tell,
I love the rogue so well,
Whether I would retrace the four-year's track,
And lose the merry sprite,
Who makes my home so bright,
To have again my little baby back.

Ah, blue eyes! do you see
Who stole my babe from me,
And brought the little girl from fairy clime?
A gray old man with wings,
Who steals all precious things;
He lives forever, and his name is Time.

He rules the world, they say:
He took my babe away—
My precious babe—and left me in its place
This little maiden fair
With yellow-curly hair,
Who lives on stories, and whose name is Grace!

—Our Young Folks.

MY BLOSSOMS.

BY E. A. WILLIAMS.

THE clock was striking six, as I heard
my nestlings chattering and their
tiny feet pattering on the nursery floor.
No more sleep, no more slumber for
mother now. Leon and Blanche had
vied with each other to be dressed first,
and they were hurrying into their clothes
with reckless haste. Then little "two-
old" Neddy was clambering loudly to be
"gressed too," and baby wide awake, too,
lay winking and blinking and admiring
his fat little fists, the only quiet one of
the flock.

Did ever mother dare to be tired, or
blue, or sad, with such a chorus of child-
ish voices? Not always in unison, 'tis
true, but when they are what is sweeter
music to a mother's heart?

I thought I would tell you their story,
for their words and ways are so fanciful
and original I love to take notice of them.

They were playing heaven, in which
they had been much interested, and had
asked many questions, since baby Willie,
so pale and still, had gone away to live
there, and Freddy Vane, a little play-
mate, who went soon after. They had
chosen their characters and were much

interested, when I chanced to enter the
room, and Blanche exclaimed in a
breath:

"Oh, mamma, we're playing 'heaven'
and Freddy Vane has just taken our
Willie and frowed him out o' heaben,
and Dod is doin' down to see 'bout it."

Not long after heavy black clouds
hung in the sky that the wind was driv-
ing hither and thither. Leon stood by
the window watching them for a long
time, then he said: "They're great big
bags o' rain, n' byme-by it'll all spill out.
Mamma, who unties the strings?" And
I remember when he first heard it thun-
der he looked up and said: "Dey dot
pitty bad cold up there."

Blanche is a very trustful child and
never likes to have her confidence viola-
ted. A few nights ago I had my bon-
net on, and took a peep in at the chil-
dren to see if they were safely asleep be-
fore going out. I thought they were,
but when half down the stairs I heard a
suppressed sob and Blanche's grieved
voice—"Mamma's 'cived me, she didn't
say where she was doin' n' she didn't
tiss me." The little dear! I hastened
back to comfort her, and was well repaid
by the loving arms pressed close about
my neck. If we were always very care-
ful never to deceive our darlings, who
knows how many grieved hearts we
might save them, and how many sins
and temptations in after years, for are
they not creatures of example?

Both Blanche and Leon had dozens of
questions to ask about going to church.
"Mamma, what do you go for?"

"Oh, I go to hear the minister preach."
"What does he preach 'bout?"
"He tells us how to be good," I replied.
"I want to know how to be dood,"
said Leon, "I must do too."

After being assured that he might
when he got big enough, I was permitted
to depart. Upon returning, Leon came
up to me and said, "We had a meeting
all ourselves, mamma, n' I was Mr.
Preach."

"Ah, were you? What did you preach
about?"

"Mammas must be good and not scold
little boys." A text worth profiting by,
surely.

When baby Gerty came, the children
gazed wonderingly at her, admired her
wee tiny fingers and toes, and patted her
little red face lovingly. Suddenly Leon
asked, "Where did she come from?"
"Came from heaven, course," said
Blanche, quickly. "Well," said Leon
after another pause, "I should like to see
the bonnet she wore."

Gerty soon became a great pet with
all the little ones. One day Leon was
patting and kissing her little cheeks very
demonstratively, while she smiled and
cooed at him in return, when a lady vis-
itor said, "You must not love your baby
sister too much, if you do God may take
her from you." He looked grieved and
said, "I want to love her all I can while
I do have her," then he added, "but Dod
won't carry her off, I know he won't."

Blanche has a very loving heart, too,
and sometimes she climbs into my lap
and almost devours me with kisses. I
grew nearly tired of it one day, being
much occupied, and said, "There, there,
you won't have any kisses left, after a
while."

"Oh, yes, I got lots more," she quickly
replied.

"But where do you keep them?" I
asked.

"Oh, in my cheeks."

One day I was reproving Leon for

some little thing, when he said, "But,
mamma, I don't want to be very good
and die and go to heaven before you do."

One day, getting angry with his nurse
who sometimes plagued him, he said: "I
wish Maggie'd get sick and go up there,"
(pointing skyward,) but he added; "I
should want her to come back down here
when I go up."

I haven't told you about Neddy, be-
cause the little fellow cannot talk much
yet. He tried to repeat some things the
older ones say, but makes funny failures.
If you were to come and see him he
would make friends with you at once,
and like as not show you his little white
stockings and slippers, and say, "na-
hoo." Of course it would be all Dutch
to you, but Leon or Blanche could
quickly interpret it for you. "Why, 'na'
is stocking, and 'hoo' is shoe, don't you
see?"

After a while Leon was big enough to
go to church, and I never shall forget the
first Sunday. The minister, as was often
his manner, became very enthusiastic in
his subject and talked earnestly, with
many gestures. Suddenly Leon ex-
claimed in a very loud whisper, "Mam-
ma, mamma, what's the matter with
that poor man, has his mamma been
whipping him?"

But I have been telling you all this
while the children have been standing
by the window watching those "bags of
rain," which have now settled into the
west and are tinged with crimson and
gold. Listen to what they are saying:

"Isn't it boo'ful?" exclaimed Blanche,
"the sun is kissing the clouds good night
before it goes to bed."

The children never tired of this sunset
view, and early loved to watch the ever-
varying sky and changing cloud, but I
think they never gazed on a more charm-
ing picture than was presented this
night. The hills were bathed and
wrapped in the soft fading light, and
the peaceful river, like a mirror, gave
back in redoubled beauty the glowing
tints of the sunset sky. It will always
remind me of the better land from the
sweet reply Blanche gave to Leon's
question:

"What made the light on the hills?"

"Why, that's the shining shore, don't
you know?" she quickly said, "that's
where Willie went, way on to that top-
pest hill, and God reached down his
arms and took him right up into heaven;
he could, you know."

Oh, the sweet, blessed faith of child-
hood! Why do not more of us have it?
Can we not now see the force of Jesus'
words, "Except ye become as little chil-
dren?"

I have tried, and ever shall, to give my
children a familiar idea of God, and
heaven, and the after life, and when they
are grown away from me they will never
be able to remember the time when they
did not love Jesus, or feared to die.
Teaching children to love the beautiful
tends greatly, I think, to love the good.
We were never made better by contem-
plating evil, and if we follow closely the
beautiful, striving as much for inner
beauty as outward adorning, can we get
far towards the bad?

It is just the edge of dark now, another
sweet day is ended, and while the others
are gently sleeping Blanche lies nestled
in my arms watching the stars come out.
Suddenly espying the tiny new moon she
exclaims, "Finger nail, mamma, see fin-
ger nail up in the sky!"

THE CATERPILLAR.

I once knew a pretty little flower, my
dear! It was called Primrose, was of a
pale, yellow color, and stood on a mossy
spot in the wood, rejoicing in its life.

"A fortunate creature am I!" thought
the Primrose. "Pretty, warm, and sunny
is it here; the beetles often visit me, and
play their pranks around me, and only
one thing do I actually lack—a right
good friend, with whom I might chat all
day long, and who could tell me of
something better than the heather-blos-
soms and blue-bells in the neighbor-
hood can."

Then up rose from the earth, close
beside the flower, a very faint little voice,
which answered, "I will be thy friend!"
and a queer, long creature came crawl-
ing up, and seated himself on one of the
Primrose leaves. It was a Caterpillar,
with hairs bristling all over him, and a
flat head, that only just peeped out of
the black hair-forest. No legs had he,
only feet—ever so many little feet, grow-
ing close up under his body, so that he
could creep slowly but surely around
the edges of the leaves, and never fall off.

The Primrose, after looking at the
Caterpillar awhile, said, "You will be
my friend? But you are so ugly!"

"Ugly!" exclaimed the Caterpillar,
astonished and grieved; "that would be
melancholy indeed. Nobody has ever
told me of that. But I don't believe it!
How can the dear God have made any-
thing ugly? And, besides, it doesn't
follow that I am so because I do not
look just like you and please you exact-
ly." And there the Caterpillar was
right. Was he not, my dear?

"Well, only don't be vexed," entreated
the flower. "I did not mean it so ill as
it sounds. I was only a bit frightened
by you. If you will not gnaw my leaves,
will be real good, and stay close by me
here, it will be all right, and I will even
love you. I live here all alone; you ap-
pear to have no friend either; so we
will visit each other."

"With all my heart," answered the
Caterpillar; and, with that, he crawled
off on to a tuft of ferns, which stood
near and said: "See this shall be my
house, and I will be absent only when I
have to seek for food, and that never
takes long; a pair of leaves are soon
eaten."

"Good!" thought the Primrose, "I
can then take a little nap, and that will
pass away the time."

And so it was. When the Caterpillar
had crawled away seeking fresh leaves,
which he devoured root and branch, with-
out even stopping for a single swallow
of anything to drink, the flower nodded
her head drowsily, fell fast to sleep, and
was not to be spoken with by anybody.
The beetles and bees, who came about
this time, took and shoved the
slumbering flower to awaken her, flew
off again, out of all patience with the
sleepy-head. If the Primrose awoke
before the Caterpillar returned, O, how
she stretched and strained her little
neck, and gazed out in all directions to
catch sight of her dear friend; and
what joy was theirs when, at last, they
were together again.

Then Primrose related her dreams;
they were always of him only; of how
he had been so long away, and how the
rain had so besprinkled him that his
long hairs were all hung with pearls.
Sometimes, too, she had dreadful ones,
of a human hand that plucked her, and
a human foot that trod upon him. You

see, my love, what kind of stories the flowers dream about! The Caterpillar, on the contrary, told of the loveliest moss-garden, through which he had been creeping; of delicious fresh leaves that he had eaten; of pretty flowers who sent their compliments to the Primrose; of darling little lady-bugs, of splendid gold-beetles, of cunning little worms, and long naked earth-worms.

To all this the flower listened eagerly, and was never tired of asking questions, while the Caterpillar never wearied of telling about it all, and both grew fonder of each other, so at last the Primrose said: "You are handsomer than the most brilliant beetle I have ever seen! I love you as dearly as I do the sunbeams; I do not know why I was ever afraid of you."

At this the Caterpillar rejoiced greatly, and, looking lovingly on the Primrose, replied: "There, now! I knew well enough that you could not really think me ugly!"

So they lived on sharing everything with each other—the hot and the wet weather, rude winds and gentle breezes, comforting each other when there was anything to complain of, so that all their lamentings speedily ceased.

But one day the Caterpillar said to the Primrose, "Listen my dear precious flower! I do not feel very well, I am so tired and drowsy. Do not be troubled about me if I should sleep quietly a little while. I will return to you as soon as I awake."

The flower nodded sadly, and the Caterpillar crawled, more slowly than usual, through the thick dust of the ground on to the great fern-leaf.

Many days went by; the Caterpillar had really gone to sleep, and slept on and on, and did not stir. One evening the death-angel went softly through the wood, looking about him to see whether any animal or flower were longing for his coming; and bending over the sleeping Caterpillar, he gazed awhile kindly upon him, took him up tenderly in his delicate hand, and laid him in a little brown box that was thickly cushioned inside; then shutting it up the angel said, "sleep thou undisturbed until spring-time, little Caterpillar, when another angel will come and open thy box for thee!" So saying, he hung the little brown thing, by a very fine thread, to one of the leaves, and there it rocked back and forth, like a cradle, and the Caterpillar in it slept sounder and sounder.

As the angel, departing, passed close to the Primrose, the poor, forsaken flower cried out, "Ah, dear angel, kiss me! I am so tired, and would gladly sleep as long as my faithful Caterpillar, whom you have laid away in his little brown bed."

And the angel, kissing her, said, "Sleep thou too until spring-time." So the Primrose bowed her head and fell fast asleep. Men call it withering. That must have been a very pleasant slumber of theirs, don't you think so, my dear child? For one must be very sound asleep indeed not to hear the thunder chariot of summer go rolling by, nor be aware of any storms in autumn, nor any snow and ice in winter.

But when the spring passed through the land, the flowers opened their eyes, the birds twittered, and everywhere was brightness and delicious mildness. The yellow Primrose, too, awoke, thinking she felt a tender love-kiss, and with astonishment saw, sitting upon one of her

petals, a wondrously brilliant creature, with beautiful, delicate wings.

It was—now give a guess!—a splendid butterfly. But from whence had it come? Out of the little brown box in which the death-angel had laid the Caterpillar. The flower-angel, who had just opened it, had quickly slipped on to him another garment. Was not that lovely?

"Do I please you better thus? I am your old, faithful Caterpillar," said the elegant butterfly. "I shall stay with you always, now, my love."

The flower was overjoyed, of course, and would hardly believe what she heard, then he told her the whole story, and pointed to the broken box on the ground.

"But I love you because you have been my faithful Caterpillar, not on account of your fine, new dress," said the Primrose, at length, smiling blissfully, as she kissed her joyful new friend.

You see, my dear, this is what happens to the poor little Caterpillar when he has fallen asleep. The death-angel puts him in a little box, and he comes out a butterfly. Do you like that my darling?

—Christian Register.

DON'T WHIP THEM.

Mothers don't whip them! Treat God's lambs tenderly. Compel obedience, but not with the rod. The other evening, whilst taking my customary stroll, meditating on my next text for the following Sunday, the face maternal appeared at the door of a pleasant little home I had often noticed, and loudly ordered a little lad, three or so, to "come in, and see if she did not do as she said she would." The mother, in her wrath at being disobeyed re-entered the house, not hearing the little one's sobbing explanation that he had stepped outside to fetch the baby in. Directly the blows and piteous cries fell upon my ears.

Undoubtedly the little one had gone beyond the prescribed bounds; but it was to bring the wee toddling thing inside, who as yet heeded not the commands, however harshly given, and his full heart and meagre use of words withheld the power of explanation. Poor little man, how my heart ached for him! Kissless and sad he went to his bed.

Mothers, do not whip them! Do not yourselves make shadows in the sunlight with which God always surrounds children. Do not let them be lulled to sleep by the falling of their own tears, or by their own sobs and sighs. Far pleasanter it is when you go to tuck them in at night, to find pink feet on the pillow dimpled knees in air, toys yet in embrace, and smiles on their sweet mouths. Yourselves bear in mind their last words, "If I should die before I wake." Treat them tenderly.

I took my little man a shot gun to-night, and handing it over the gate, I said "Now will you mind your mamma, and stay inside when she calls you?" I am sure the "me will" was very sincere; but if they forget, bear with them. If childhood's days cannot be free from sorrow surely none ever may.

FEAR IN CHILDREN.

No pain is more dreadful to endure than fear. Few parents realize how much their children suffer from this cause. "There is nothing to hurt you," is an assurance which does not allay the apprehension. An undefined something, existing often only in the imagination, is

the occasion of just as real suffering as the most tangible evil could be. This suffering from fear has much to do with the almost universal dislike which children have of going to bed.

They are left alone in some chamber away from the family—a wise arrangement so far as quietness is concerned, and judicious entirely if the child exhibits no fear. But only those who remember what horrors possessed the imagination when they, as children, were left alone in the dark, can fully realize the suffering of a nervous child. "I don't mind your whipping me, father," said a little fellow who had been repeatedly punished for crying when put to bed alone, "if you will only stay with me."

—A distinguished Paris physician says: I believe that during the twenty years I have practiced my profession, twenty thousand children have been carried to the cemeteries, a sacrifice to the absurd custom of exposing their arms. Put the bulb of a thermometer into a baby's mouth and the mercury rises to ninety degrees; now carry the same to its little hand. If the arm be bare, and the evening cool, the mercury will sink to fifty degrees. Of course all the blood that flows through these arms must fall from ten to forty degrees below the temperature of the heart. Need I say, when these currents of the blood flow back to the chest, the child's vitality must be more or less compromised? And need I add that we should not be surprised at its frequent recurring affections of the tongue, throat or stomach? I have seen more than one child with an habitual cough or hoarseness, entirely relieved by simply keeping the hands and arms warm.

THE PUZZLER.

We will send a copy of THE HOUSEHOLD for one year to the one who first sends full and correct answers to The Puzzler for any month. Answers should be sent with all contributions to this column.

ANSWERS:—1. Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home. 2. Martha A. Alexander, Norfolk, Mass.

3. There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;

There is a rapture on the lonely shore;

There is society where none intrudes,

By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

4. Andover. 5. Coldwater. 6. New-

castle. 7. Marblehead. 8. Greenfield.

9. Grafton. 10. Tombigbee.

11. Homer—Iliad.

Hawai

Orienta

Miam

Eliz

Retar

12. Chilon—Sparta.

Chao

Hel

Ion

Leve

Ought

Norm

13. Heloise—Abelard.

Hacienda

Entom

Lur

Ore

Iota

Stee

Ende

14. Rome. 15. Cairo. 16. Mecca. 17.

Moscow. 18. Warsaw. 19. Caracas.

20. TEAK 21. YULE

ELBA USER

ABEL LENS

KALE ERST

ENIGMAS.

1. I am composed of thirty-five letters. My 24, 11, 34, 6, 13 is a fractional part. My 27, 9, 14, 31 is an insect. My 17, 29, 28, 10 we all like. My 4, 18, 26, 12 is an element of nature. My 35, 23, 15, 27, 5, 15 is a toy. My 19, 33, 7, 2 is a musical instrument. My 32, 16, 21 is a Jewish measure. My 1, 20, 9, 30 is an animal. My 3, 25, 14, 22 is a nickname. My 10, 8, 30, 28 was a queen. My whole is a scripture quotation.

2. I am composed of sixteen letters. My 16, 15, 8, 3 is a part of the body. My 13, 7, 11, 4, 9, 2 is very precious. My 12, 14, 10, 6 is to separate. My 9, 13, 5, 1 is an adjective. My 8, 6, 14, 4, 7 is a convenience. My 10, 14, 4, 3 is a tool. My whole is not to be found in Holy Writ.

NELL.

3. I am composed of eighteen letters. My 6, 7, 12, 16, 14 is the whole. My 10, 13, 17, 11 is a title of nobility. My 8, 3, 15, 18 is used for baking. My 5, 9, 2 is an animal. My 1, 4, 6 is a snare. My whole it is well to remember.

POSITIVES, COMPARATIVES AND SUPERLATIVES.

4. A lawyer's pay; terror; a banquet. 5. An insect; a drink; an animal. 6. Fee; two of a kind; a mucilage. 7. Myself; a bog; a thick fog.

CURTAILMENTS.

8. Curtail one vehicle and leave another. 9. Curtail a fruit and leave a vegetable. 10. Curtail part of the body and leave to listen. 11. Curtail a vegetable and leave an insect.

CIPHER PUZZLE.

12. Required, the value of each letter.

E B O R L N

B A E P N O

F A A A B B

L R O N M B

E F A F E B

F F R P L L M

RIDDLE.

13. My 1, 2, 3 is found in 6, 12, 5, 10, 11, 2, 1; also it is probable that a 7, 10, 4 has been told in the time of my 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12. ROBINS.

SQUARE WORDS.

14. A man's name; a woman's name; recitations without books; a seasoning. 15. A foreign fruit; an opening; a part of a bridge; a part of the human face. SENA.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

16. Transpose a month into an article of food. 17. Transpose a girl's name into a verb. 18. Transpose a part of a wagon-wheel into a part of a bridge. 19. Transpose a seasoning into a shoe-maker's tool. 20. Transpose a conjunction into a household utensil. 21. Transpose a wild animal into the motion of a river. 22. Transpose a carpenter's tool into a verb. SENA.

JUMBLES.

Bible Names of Persons.—23. Zibneke-coda. 24. Blasoam. 25. Nabarsab. 26. Sasincurs. 27. Altanenhah. 28. Umcras.



PAT'S VIEW OF TOOTH-PULLING.

Och, doctor me darlint, just come here a minit;
I've got a bad tooth, and the devil is in it;
It kapes sich a hoppin' and jumpin' about,
I think, on me sowl, I must have the thing out

Och! now do be careful; 'tis uncommonly tender.
Oh! Mother of Moses!!! Murther!!!
Is it out? Faith I thought you, for sartin,
The top of me head from me body was partin'!

The sinsation, I say, was uncommonly queer
As though a big engine went in at each ear,
And met each the other with a terrible crash,
Which sint all their fixins to a ginerall smash.

And now for this torture I suppose I must pay?
How much is it, sir? A half dollar, did you say?
It's too much for a half minit's work.
You ought to pay me; 'twas earned with a jirk.
The blacksmith will pull thirty minits, and is willin'
To pull thirty more, and he'll charge but a shillin'.

USE OF RAW AND COOKED FOOD.

THE design of cooking food is not only to make it more digestible (many varieties being as easily digestible raw as when cooked), but the principal use of cooking is the destruction of microscopic seeds and eggs, often existing in raw food, which will produce vegetable and animal parasites in the system. The last are called entozoa, and the study of them, with the injury they produce in man, now constitutes a peculiar branch of medicine.

The most interesting of these are two species of the tapeworm, one of them originating from raw pork. Swine are subject to a disease called measles, and such diseased pork is full of the germs of future tapeworms in men. When human beings are thus affected they discharge daily thousands of microscopic eggs. When one of these—which may become dry as dust without losing its vitality—enters the stomach of a pig with its food, it produces again the measles in this animal. This explains why Jews are rarely affected with tapeworms—cooks and butchers often. Even raw beef has produced tapeworms by being cut with a knife also used for pork. Cooking, thorough salting, and smoking destroys the germs but cleanliness of course is essential. It is only at present that the sanitary measures prescribed by Moses for the Israelites have been fully appreciated.

Dr. Fleming, last year, read a paper before the British Association on the prevalence of tapeworm in Birmingham, England. He supposed it was caused by the water containing sewage contamination. If this is so, it would appear that tapeworms may be propagated by impure water as well as by unclean pork. It is a hint to us to take precautionary measures to have our drinking water as clean as possible. Without containing germs of tapeworms, it may contain many other impurities and parasitical eggs. Cooking, of course, destroys all these, and this is one of the reasons why the general moderate use of coffee and tea has been universally productive of increased health. Simply water becomes flat and unpalatable by cooking, as the heat drives out all the air which it contains in solution; therefore a perfect filter, or melted clear ice, is the best thing for obtaining good drinking water when it cannot be obtained from a deep pure well or spring, purified by natural filtration.

The trichinae are another class of parasites, affecting the human system even more frightfully than the tapeworm. They are also produced by the use of raw meats, but there has lately been published so much on this subject that the mere mentioning of it will be sufficient.

The distoma, or fluke, called by the French douve, is a large class of parasitical worms, of which more than two hundred species have been studied. One of them is very common in the liver of the sheep and horse, and infest, also, the human liver. The polystoma, an allied genus, has also several species, two of which are sometimes found in the human body, one inhabiting the veins.

We will only mention the ligula, which infests the abdominal cavities of birds and fishes, and proves fatal to them; the dydatids, which are often found in enormous abundance in the abdomen of quadrupeds, especially of the ruminant order; the cœnurus, common in the brain of the sheep, destroying the animal by pressure on that organ; the different entozoa, by which cats and dogs suffer in different parts of their bodies; and, finally, the snake-like worm occasionally developed in the interior of the eyeball of the horse.

Now, as regards the origin of these animals, spontaneous production is out of the question. Every living being is produced from an egg; therefore, the only possible explanation is, that the microscopic small eggs are taken into the system with the food. When their vitality resists the digestive power, the eggs are absorbed, enter in the circulation with the blood, and are developed in that part of the body where the conditions are favorable for their growth. This idea is verified by the latest microscopic examinations about the origin of the infusoria, by which it is proved that the very dust of the air is full of myriads of eggs of all kinds, only waiting a favorable opportunity to be developed into the corresponding animal.

The most common of all human internal parasites are the ascarides, of which the largest species have nearly the shape of a common earth worm, attaining sometimes the length of two feet, and cause alarming symptoms. The small variety is very common in children, and is supposed by some to originate from the eggs of flies deposited on or in the food. Most animals of this class are at first worms, the eggs being laid in some dead animal, meat, cheese, or other article, which gives nourishment to the growing worm, which afterwards passes through the regular transformation into a fly. When these eggs are hatched in the intestines, under very different circumstances, they are developed into an animal which differs greatly from that developed in the air.

In healthy, vigorous children the digestive powers will resist the hatching of these eggs, and even the worms themselves will be digested, when accidentally hatched or otherwise introduced into the system. Only those of weak digestive powers are subject to worms, and this operation has lately given rise to a different medical treatment successful in many cases of these infantile troubles, namely, in place of administering to the little sufferers vermifuge and purges, (which only gives temporary relief and does not remove the cause, when this cause is weakness, but even weaken the system still more,) tonics and a strengthening diet are prescribed. In this way the primary cause (the weak digestion) is re-

moved, as in healthy, strong intestines worms cannot exist, but are at once digested.

Occasionally persons are found who have the peculiar notion of frequently eating raw meat and who give it to their children, with the idea that it possesses more nourishing qualities. But, even if this idea be correct, it is more than fully counterbalanced by the perils we have indicated, and experience teaches us that those persons who have apparent good health are subjected to more diseases than others. Freshly cooked food, therefore, is preferable for the reasons above given.—"M. D." in *Scientific American*.

PURE WATER.

Pure water is the beverage of Nature. It is the only drink that will fully satisfy the thirsty individual. Those fictitious drinks which the wisdom of this world has invented, irritate and inflame the delicate tissues of the throat and stomach, and instead of quenching thirst, serve only to increase it.

Men whose appetites have been depraved by indulgence in strong drinks, call loudly for brandy, rum, wine and cider. But the man of unperverted appetite, whose system has not been scathed by the fires of alcoholic liquor, asks only for pure water, the drink that Heaven has prepared, and in drinking which, he quenches his thirst and secures to himself health of body, and clearness and vigor of mind.

Water is the element that the Great Giver of all blessings has prepared to satisfy the thirst of earth's unnumbered millions. It represents alike the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and so congenial is it with the nature of man, that it neither disorders the stomach, excites the passions, nor maddens the brain.

Let the drunkard drink from the fiery fountain of the still, and the epicure quaff his malt drinks, his wine and cider. Give me only the pure water which the God of Nature brews in the deep wells and fountains of the earth. Give me only the pure element which followed the stroke of the Prophet's rod; give me the beverage, cool and clear, that bubbled up before Hagar, and fainting Ishmael, in the wilderness. Give me only of that drink which trickles down the sides of the mountains, that gathers into rills in the woods and uplands, that rolls in resplendent rivers through the valleys, that spreads into broad, beautiful lakes, the looking glasses of Nature, that reflect the shining orbs above; give me of these crystal streams, these cool, fever-allaying waters in health and sickness, in prosperity and adversity; and when the thirst of the last fatal fever shall assail the citadel of life, give me of those pure waters, untinged and free from all intoxicating qualities, until the time comes when I shall be called hence to drink of the "pure river of the water of life."—Rev. J. E. Davenport.

DRY BATHING.

Regular bathing, so far as the people of this country are concerned, is certainly a habit of quite modern adoption. The fathers and mothers, and grandfathers and grandmothers, of those who have reached middle life, seldom or never bathed, except in the warm months of summer. Their dwellings afforded no conveniences for the act, if they felt the need of performing it. As a general thing, the health was unaffected by this omission. Why was this? Because of

their occupations and their methods of living. They were active workers, they wore but a small amount of clothing, they lived much in the open air, and their dwellings were without stove and furnace heat.

If any one in these days will exercise in the open air, so that each day he will perspire moderately, and if he will wear thin undergarments, or none at all, and sleep in a cold room, the functions of the skin will suffer little or no impediment if water is withheld for months.

Indeed, bathing is not the only way in which its healthful action can be maintained by those living under the conditions at present existing. Dry friction over the whole surface of the body, once a day, or once in two days, is often of more service than the application of water. The reply of the centenarian to the inquiry, to what habit of life he attributed his good health and extreme longevity, that he believed it due to "rubbing himself all over with a cob every night," is significant of the important truth.

If invalids and persons of low vitality would use dry friction and Dr. Franklin's "air bath" every day for a considerable period, we are confident they would often be greatly benefitted. Cleanliness is next to godliness, no doubt, and a proper and judicious use of water is to be commended; but human beings are not amphibious. Nature indicates that the functions of the skin should be kept in order mainly by muscular exercises, by exciting natural perspiration by labor; and delicious as is the bath, and healthful, under proper regulation, it is no substitute for that exercise of the body without which all the functions become abnormal.—Dr. Nichol's *Fireside Science*.

A WHISKEY SWEAT.

The La Crosse, Wis., Democrat tells the following: It appears that Mr. Fifield had been troubled with a fearful cold, which settled on his lungs, and his friends held a consultation and decided to give the gallant sergeant an old fashioned sweat. He was wrapped in a blanket, and about a pint of whiskey put under the chair, and a match touched to the whiskey.

It is evident that too much confidence had been placed in the fact that the Madison whiskey was never before known to burn; but, singular as it may seem, this particular whiskey did burn, and Mr. Fifield, with his well-known acuteness, discovered the fact as soon as anybody. Without stopping to argue with his friends as to the singular phenomenon, Mr. Fifield arose as one man, and with his hand on his heart, thanked the audience for the warm and genial manner in which he had been received, kicked over the chair and jumped up.

He jumped well, but it is said that if the ceiling had been higher he would have increased his leap at least eight feet. On his return to earth his elocutionary powers were brought into requisition, and he made a speech that for blistering sarcasm and burning pathos has never had its equal in the annals of legislative experience.

Dr. Woolcott was telegraphed for from Milwaukee, and came by special train, but gave it as his opinion that amputation would not be necessary. The party with whom Mr. Fifield boards, the telegraph informs us, has raised the price of Sam's board three dollars a week, because it is necessary to set the table for him on the mantel-piece.



HOW TO MAKE THE DINNER TABLE ATTRACTIVE.

MRS. MAY HAWLEY writes in an English magazine concerning the art of dinner-giving:

Let us not be afraid to go an inch out of the beaten track. Let us not fear occasionally to lay on our table a dish a little awry, just to take of that sense of immaculateness, untouchableness that the measured formality of a dinner always gives one. Let us even sometimes assert our independence by having an uneven number of dishes, or dishes of irregular height placed along the snow white cloth. And why is this cloth always to be snow white? Why should not a colored border, fringe or stripe, be introduced to break the blank spotlessness of that inevitable cloth? Again, the extreme fineness of the table cloth is a point of pride with the modern housewife. Let the design be what it will, the cloth must be fine. Now a very coarse cloth, provided the pattern upon it be handsome, has not a bad effect; on the contrary, it is far more pleasant to the eye than a too fine one. The napkins—which are theoretically supposed to be to wipe the fingers or lips upon, but which, through their weight and stiffness, never answer the purpose—ought to be fine; the table cloth should be rather the reverse. A handsome diaper is probably the most appropriate for a damask cloth, and it is sure to tell if the cloth is not too fine—borders or stripes of every variety might with advantage be introduced into them.

Let me also pray such hostesses as wish their tables to be beautiful, to dispense with the modern white wine-glasses, which, however perfect of their kind, are quite uninteresting to an artistic eye. The antique Venetian glass, so exquisite in design, so delicate and picturesque in form, so light, yet hardly so fragile as the modern best glass, as the latter from its weight, as opposed to its thinness, must smash if it falls, and the former may not—the antique Venetian can hardly be procured now in sufficient quantities to cover a table, or at least by ordinary purses. But the modern imitations of it, by Salvati, though usually not equal to the old, are quite near enough to be quite beautiful on the table, and within the means of most dinner-giving people.

Again, why are the designs of modern dinner and dessert services so bad? Why are the soup tureens so bloated and gouty? Why are the paintings on the plates so tame and silly—the colors so staring and yet not brilliant? Why are the handles of all covered dishes mere shapeless lumps, vulgarly streaked with useless and unmeaning dashes of gold? People do not seem to notice these things when they select their china or other things as they do when they select a picture.

Again, let us not pile our flower baskets and fruit trees a yard high, not even, O, impatient housewife, the center piece.

Let your guests be able to see each other across the hospitable board. Let the table be low, and covered sufficiently, but not too much, with flat and pret-

ty dishes, never too formerly arranged, and decked with fresh flowers, or even autumn leaves. You can never have too many real flowers upon the table; they refresh the senses, and often modify the too overpowering odors of the dishes. Introduce without fear such tasteful articles as may brighten and adorn the table—rare china, statuettes, Indian jars, queer old ladles. These will satisfy the hunger of the mind, while your fine old fruity or dry wines and various courses are fortifying the body—it is so pleasant to have something interesting to look at, and it is so seldom there is anything but the food. The decoration of the dining room is frequently neglected. There are often no pictures on the walls, no flowers on the table, nothing to satisfy any other of our faculties except the gastronomic one; and if we chance to sit by a wearisome or unsympathetic companion, we feel the want all the more painfully. Perhaps some day we may hope to see arm chairs and plenty of elbow room substituted for the uncomfortable crowd of narrow seats; but this at present seems so far off that we had better say no more about it. At present we do not seem to be alive to considerations of either comfort or beauty.

KNIVES AND FORKS.

In the fine art of dining—one of the veritable triumphs of civilization—there is a custom which is surely founded upon feudal tradition, and which ought to be banished forever from civilized society—the only society in which it prevails. Why should we be obliged to perform the not very difficult operation of dividing our food into morsels fitted for the mouth with a weapon so formidable and effective that we could employ it with the greatest ease to cut the throat of our next neighbor from ear to ear? Had we to kill the meat in the first instance, one could understand the propriety of being so armed; for the sake of carving joints that bore and birds that bewilder, such an instrument is appropriate enough.

But why place it in the hands of persons who have only their own mouths to accommodate? It is enough to embarrass a nervous man, and how that very uncomfortable person, "the most delicate lady," manages to survive the responsibility is one of those marvels which can be accounted for only by custom founded on the grossest superstition. The anomaly exists but in association with accidental manners. The natives of the Orient, and semi-civilized people elsewhere, would not dream of such an enormity.

I do not insist, of course, that people ought to eat with their fingers; and chopsticks are naturally unfitted for dividing a steak. But when knives are wanted—and they are not wanted, nor used for many dishes—why should we be made to use a murderous weapon? One can fancy them fitted for the days of old, when knights carved at the meal in gloves of steel and drank the red wine through the helmet barred; but in those times people used their own knives at the table, and employed them, upon occasion, in casual combats. Such is not now the custom, though there are instances of the proceeding on the part of violent persons even when engaged at the meal itself; and the temptation is one which should not be thrown in the way of men of ungovernable tempers,

exasperated, it may be, by the bad dinner of humble life.

But these enormous knives are given us advisedly, and so careful is custom in measuring the supposed necessities of the case, that for the lighter descriptions of food smaller knives are given, so that you are supposed to calculate the amount of force required at every course, and always employ it accordingly. It is always a comfort to get a little knife after a large one—it is like the sense of peace and security that comes after a fray—and no knife need be larger than the silver one put on for dessert, if indeed it need be so large; and I need scarcely add that forks might be modified in proportion.—*Ex.*

NO BRAINS.

Judge Ray, the temperance lecturer, in one of his efforts, got off the following hard hit at "moderate drinkers:"

"All those who in youth acquire a habit of drinking whiskey, at forty years of age will be total abstainers or drunkards. No person can use whiskey, for years with moderation. If there is a person in the audience before me whose experience disputes this, let him make it known. I will account for it, or acknowledge that I am mistaken."

A tall, large man arose, and folding his arms across his breast said:

"I offer myself as one whose experience contradicts your statements."

"Are you a moderate drinker?" asked the Judge.

"I am."

"How long have you drank in moderation?"

"Forty years."

"And were never intoxicated?"

"Never."

"Well," remarked the judge, scanning his subject from head to foot, "yours is a singular case; yet I think it is easily accounted for. I am reminded by it of a little story. A colored man, with a loaf of bread and bottle of whiskey, sat down to dine, on the bank of a clear stream. In breaking the bread he dropped some crumbs into the water. These were eagerly seized and eaten by the fish. That circumstance suggested to the darkey the idea of dipping the bread into the whisky and feeding it to them. He tried it. It worked well. Some of the fish ate of it, and became drunk and floated helplessly on the surface. In this way he easily caught a large number. But in the stream was a large fish, very unlike the rest. It partook freely of the bread and whisky with no perceptible effect. It was shy of every effort of the darkey to take it. He resolved to take it at all hazards, that he might learn its name and nature. He procured a net, and after much effort, caught the fish, carried it to a colored neighbor, and asked his opinion in the matter. The other surveyed the wonder a moment, and then said: 'Sambo, I understand dis case; dis fish is a mullet head, it ain't got any brains.' 'In other words,' added the Judge, 'alcohol affects only the brains, and, of course, those having none, may drink without injury.' The storm of laughter which followed, drove the 'moderate drinker' from the house.

—People sometimes wear out their welcome by staying away too long from their friends, as well as by visiting them too frequently.

THE DESSERT.

—It is difficult to see how, when a heap of snow is fast to the ground, it can be said to be a drift.

—"That was fine beef and potatoes I had for my dinner to day," remarked an Irishman. "Troth, and isn't that a curious coincidence!" exclaimed another eagerly; "the very same dinner that I had meself, barrin' the bafe!"

—A man at camp meeting out west boasted that he had been married twenty-five years, during which time he had not given his wife a cross word or look. He forgot to tell his hearers that he dared not do one or the other.

—A western paper thinks the snail has a "right smart chance for a toothache. He has one hundred and ten rows of teeth, with one hundred and ten teeth in each row, or twelve thousand two hundred and ten in all."

—"May I leave a few tracts?" asked a medical missionary of a lady who responded to his knock. "Leave some tracts? Certainly you may," said she, looking at him most benignly over her specs; "leave them with the heels toward the house, if you please."

—Beecher explains that the reason he gave up pastoral visits was because the ladies kept him waiting so long while they were dressing. Besides, they would talk of nothing but servants, children's ailments and family genealogies, until it got to be a trifle monotonous.

—An enthusiastic ritualist, wishing to make a gift to his rector at Easter, ordered a beautifully embroidered clerical vestment to be made in another city. He gave directions that the garment should be sent by express, and marked "C. O. D."—and so it was, in the most elegant style of needlework.

—The other evening a gentleman accidentally gave a bootblack a five-dollar piece, mistaking it in the dusk for a cent. The boy discovered the error at once, and what did the noble little fellow do? Quietly put it in his pocket and say nothing? No, spurred by a better impulse, he called all his comrades and generously spent every penny in peanuts and lemon beer.

—A man on the day he became one hundred years old, went to have a pair of shoes made, remarking that he wanted them built substantial with plenty of hob-nails. The store-keeper suggested that he might not live to wear such a pair of shoes out, when the old gentleman retorted that he commenced this one hundred years a good deal stronger than he did the last one!

—A German peddler sold a man liquid for the extermination of bugs. "And now do you use it?" inquired the man after he had bought it. "You kotch de bug, un drop von drop into his mout," answered the peddler. "The deuce you do!" exclaimed the purchaser; "I could kill it in half the time by stamping on it." "Vell," exclaimed the German, "dat ish a very goot vay, too, to kill him!"

—Two Irishmen, on a sultry night, took refuge under the bed clothes from a party of mosquitoes. At last one of them gasping from heat, ventured to peep beyond the bulwarks, and espied a firefly, which had strayed into the room. Arousing his companion with a punch, he said: "Fergus, Fergus, it's no use. Ye might as well come out. Here's one of the crayters searching for us wid a lantern."



A LIBRARY SMOKED AWAY.

Two school-fellows, of equal age,
Were 'prenticed in one day;
The one was studiously inclined,
The other boy was gay.

The pocket money each received
Was just the same amount;
And how they both expended it,
I briefly shall recount.

Whilst George was smoking his cigars,
And sauntering about,
With youths as idle as himself,
Shutting all knowledge out,

At the Mechanic's Institute,
And with his book at home,
Tom wisely spent his leisure hours,
Nor cared the streets to roam.

One eve, when each apprenticeship
Had nearly passed away,
George at his friend Tom's lodgings called,
An hour or two to stay.

"Why, Tom," he cried with much surprise,
"Is your old uncle dead?
And left you cash to buy those books
That round the walls are spread?"

"Oh, no," said Tom, "I bought those books
With what my friends allowed;
Had you not smoked away your cash
You might the same have showed!"

"Why, my Havanas only cost
Me ten cents every day!"
"Just so," said Tom, "you've only smoked
A library away!"

"Now reckon up ten cents a day
For seven long years to come;
And you will find that it will count
A very handsome sum!"

THE AUTHOR OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

DANIEL DEFOE, one of the most popular of English authors, and probably the most voluminous writer in the language, is to many readers little better than a name. They are familiar with "Robinson Crusoe," with the "History of the Plague," and with "Mrs. Veal's Apparition;" they know, because Pope has told them, that Defoe stood in the pillory; and they know also, because Hume has told them, that he was a party writer; doubtless they know, too, that he was a Dissenter, in an age when Dissent was unpopular; and that, after a laborious and troubled life, he was buried in the famous burial-ground consecrated to dissenting dust in Bunhill Fields. These facts, with perhaps half a dozen more, comprise, we venture to say, the popular knowledge of Defoe. Compared with Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, he is but the shadow of a shade. The author's immortal tale, translated into all languages that can boast a literature, is a household book throughout the world; but the author himself is for the most part neglected and unknown. The more we consider this anomaly, the stranger does it appear.

Defoe lived and did his life's work in one of the most celebrated periods of English literary history. He was the contemporary of Swift and Addison, of Pope and Prior, of Atterbury and Gay. When Steel was writing his delightful Tattler, and the Spectator was winning a place at every breakfast-table, Defoe was the busiest, and perhaps the most prominent, of journalists. He commenced his Review in 1704, five years before the Tattler, and brought it to a

conclusion in 1713, one year before the last volume of the Spectator. In 1711, when Pope wrote the "Rape of the Lock," Defoe produced seventeen distinct publications; in 1727, when Gay electrified the town with his "Beggar's Opera," and Swift astonished the nation with "Gulliver's Travels," the indefatigable Defoe was still busy as ever at his trade of author. It may be useful to add that Addison, who was born eleven years later than Defoe, died two months after the appearance of "Robinson Crusoe," 1719; that Prior and Defoe were young men together; that Congreve, who was by several years Defoe's junior, died before him; that Gay, born more than a quarter of a century after the novelist, outlived him scarcely a year; and that Francis Atterbury and Defoe may be said to have commenced life and closed it together.

With these facts before us—and many of like bearing might be added—it is certainly curious that when we speak of the Queen Anne men we never think of Defoe; and that historians of acknowledged reputation, in recording the literary or political history of that period, either omit his name from their pages or allude to it with indifference. Defoe was on confidential terms with King William, yet he does not figure in Lord Macaulay's "History of England;" he was employed by Queen Anne on important missions, and took no mean part in the negotiations which preceded the Union with Scotland, yet he is unnoticed by Earl Stanhope in his "History of England," and but slightly noticed in his recent "History of the Reign of Queen Anne." Hume alludes to him as "a scurrilous party-writer in very little reputation;" and Dr. Johnson, whose father was a country bookseller, and who in early life was forced to gain his own bread by almost servile employments, is generous enough to allow a large share of merit to a man "who, bred a tradesman, had written so variously and so well."

Defoe has been well termed the father of English novelists, and his great successor, Richardson, studied his style of composition with no little assiduity; yet all Richardson has to say in his favor is, that he was "an ingenious gentleman, though a Dissenter." Next to Swift, Defoe was the ablest political writer of the day, yet both Swift and his friend Pope speak of him only to sneer; and it is worth noting that while the Examiner, in which the Dean displayed his vigor as a journalist, is included in his works, Defoe's Review—a paper every whit as able, and curiously characteristic of the writer's genius—has never been reprinted. Again, it is remarkable that, although Defoe lived in an age of literary gossip, and was continually engaging the attention of the public, the facts preserved with regard to his personal career are few and comparatively unimportant. We know more of what he did than of what he was; a great deal more of his literary occupations, imperfect as our knowledge of them is, than of his home life.

He may be said to have originated what we now call leading articles, and he was we believe, the first to issue a penny paper. When every gentleman was expected to defend his honor by duelling, he denounced the custom as a folly and a sin; he saw the necessity of prison reform before John Howard set about the task of his life; he anticipated Whately in his argument against men-

dicancy, and Dr. Andrew Reed in projecting an asylum for idiots; he advocated an academy for literature; and the ladies and gentlemen who have lately been so zealous in promoting the foundation of a college for women, might have gathered arguments in its favor from the writings of Defoe. "I would have them take women for companions," he said "and educate them to be fit for it;" and he adds, "I cannot think that God ever made them so delicate, so glorious creatures, and furnished them with such charms, so agreeable and delightful to mankind, with souls capable of the same enjoyments as men, and all to be only stewards of our houses, cooks, and slaves."

Defoe, moreover, favored perfect freedom of the press; he suggested a plan for the prevention of street robberies; a plan for the proper management of the insane, and the licensing of private asylums, so that no person might be sent to them "without due reason, inquiry, and authority;" a plan for the safe establishment of friendly societies savings' banks; a plan for the improvement of high-roads; and a plan for the establishment of a university in London. —Exchange.

PERFORMANCE OF INTERLUDES.

We have been frequently spoken to, of late, about the unbecoming character of interludes frequently played in some of our churches, and requested to publicly remonstrate against the same.

The great evil of interludes as commonly played, is that instead of leaving resting places for the singers to take breath and study the character of the next verse to be sung, they are too frequently considered to be opportune chances for the display of the technique of the player.

Hence it is that instead of giving a few bars of plain harmony in keeping with the general spirit and character of the tune, and of an unobtrusive, quiet nature, the organist girds up the loins of his imagination and launches at the tympanums of his hearers a most astounding collection of chromatic runs, trills and arpeggios, about as appropriate to the place and time as "Yankee Doodle" or "Money Musk" would be at a funeral.

Better by far to have no interludes—only a simple pause for a second or two than such incongruous abortions. *En passant*, we may say that the last line of the tune is always appropriate as an interlude and far better than the crude attempts at improvisation so often heard. These remarks we make in no spirit of unkindness, but with the view of improving the musical part of divine service in which we all feel so great an interest. —Dexter Smith's Paper.

THE REVIEWER.

A VALUABLE AID TO MEN OF BUSINESS AND TO LITERARY PEOPLE.—The publishing house of L. Prang & Co., Boston, hitherto known to the public only through their celebrated chromos, have entered an entirely new field by bringing out "Schem's Universal Statistical Table," a publication containing the most important statistical facts relating to all the countries of the world, such as the area of each country, form of government and head of the same, population, expenses, debt, paper money, amount of circulation, standing army, navy, merchant vessels, imports, exports, chief produce, coins and their value in gold, weights and measures, railroads, telegraphs, capitals and principal cities, together with number of inhabitants, etc., etc.

The amount of interesting and noteworthy facts condensed here in so small a compass is almost incredible, and their arrangement on the table, when mounted on two sides of a sheet of card-board, as directed, is most convenient for reference and comparison. Every man of intelligence will welcome this new practical aid to our knowledge of the world's doings, and, we have no doubt, will accord it a prominent place near his writing desk.

A similar German publication, edited by Dr. Otto Hubner, in Frankfurt, and upon which this is based, has run already through twenty yearly editions—proof evident of its great practical value. The name of Prof. Schem, the American editor, is a sufficient guarantee that the work has been done most thoroughly and conscientiously. The price of the table is merely nominal. (25 cts.) All news and book dealers keep it for sale.

THE SCIENCE OF HEALTH.—The first number of this new Health Journal is published. It is devoted to an exposition of all those agencies so vitally related to Health and to the treatment of Disease, such as Air, Light, Temperature, Diet, Clothing, Bathing, Exercise, Sleep, Electricity and all normal agents and hygienic materials. It is an independent journal, published in the interests of the people, which is certainly a strong commendation. This first number contains many articles of general interest. The senses of sight, hearing, taste, smell, etc., are illustrated and explained. The cause and cure of Back-ache; the proper position on Horse-back; Water treatment of Fevers; Sprains and Bruises; Pneumonia; Clergyman's Sore Throat; Chronic Catarrh; How to Sleep, etc. The department of Talks with Correspondents contains valuable information. The new magazine is issued from the office of THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL, and published at the low price of \$2 a year or twenty cents a number. "Try it," and save many times its cost in doctor's bills. Address the publisher, S. R. WELLS, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

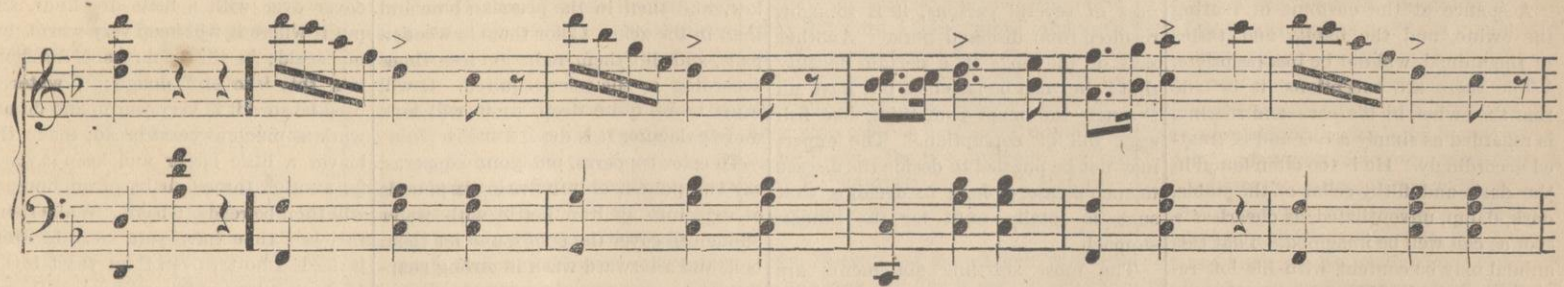
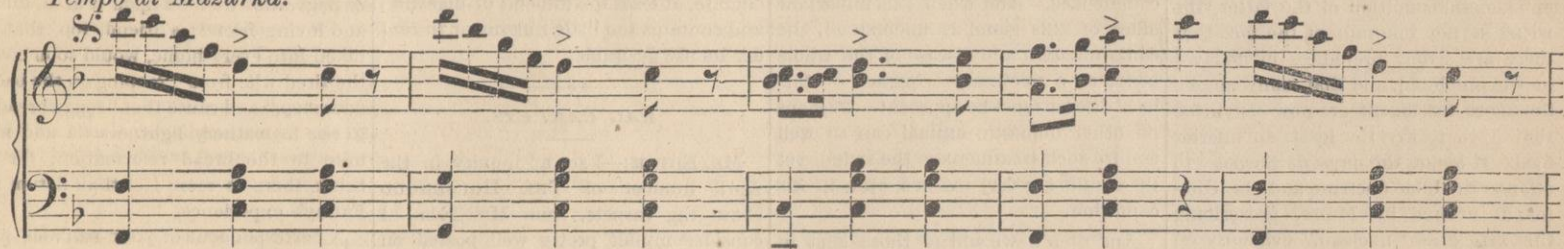
The June number of Old and New completes Vol. V. The complex story of "Six of one by half a dozen of the other," ends in this number in a mingled conflagration made up of the fires of love and the burning of Chicago, very graphically described. There is an interesting account of the Brahma Somaj, a sort of Hindoo Protestant society: a continuance of Mr. McDonald's home missionary novel, "The Vicar's Daughter;" a sprightly account of "Living in Germany;" and a good deal of suggestive fine-cut reading, in the Literary and Social Department. Mr. Hale's introduction is the most significant part of the number, for it is a terse, clear and strong statement of the "true facts" about the much contested "indirect damages" connected with the Alabama claims. Terms (payable in advance,) \$4 per annum. Single numbers 35 cents. Specimen pages containing a full description of the beautiful chromos which are given as premiums to new subscribers, and also a list of the premiums which are offered to those who raise clubs, will be sent on receipt of a three-cent stamp by addressing Geo. Coolidge, business agent, 143 Washington St., Room 1, Boston. Care of Roberts Bros., Publishers.

THE LAWS OF LIFE AND JOURNAL OF HEALTH, published monthly at Dansville, N. Y., by Austin, Jackson & Co., is evidently prospering. At the beginning of this year, being the fifteenth of its publication, the old quarto was changed to magazine form with tinted cover and enlarged space. There is given, taking all the numbers together, the details of a new philosophy of life and health and the treatment of disease, the discussion of which includes articles on tobacco, tea, coffee, habits and sickness of woman, dress, food, cookery, construction and furnishing of houses, house-keeping, care of children, nursing of the sick, gardening, home amusements, entertainment of company, physiology, in fact a very broad range of subjects. Every person can have the opportunity to see a copy of this admirable Journal for himself by simply addressing the publishers, as they offer specimen numbers free. Price \$1.50 per year.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—With the June number this popular monthly enters upon its forty-fifth volume. In this number we find a very interesting article on "The German Gambling Spa." The illustrations are graphic, and exceedingly well executed. "The Mountains," third paper is very readable, with some characteristic illustrations by Porte Crayon. "The Hebrew Exodus," is also illustrated, and contains a great deal of information in a very attractive form. "The Republican Movement in Europe," is from the pen of the celebrated Spanish orator, and politician, Emilio Castelar, which is a guaranty of its being well written. Harper is always full of good things, and the June number is a rich collection from gifted pens.

SPRING BREEZE MAZURKA.

G. C.

*Tempo di Mazurka.*



INFERIOR MEATS.

BY DR. J. H. HANAFORD.

IN the consideration of the relative value of beef and pork as a staple article of diet, and in discussing the wholesomeness, nutrition, digestibility and general condition of the latter, the writer is not ignorant of the fact that there are strong prejudices in its favor on the one hand, and that many among the more intelligent are now convinced that it is, to say the least, an inferior food. It is not the present purpose to refer to the bible doctrine and the commands uttered by Moses, proscribing this article as "unclean," evidently on physiological principles, intended for general application and not for the Jews only, but simply to present a few thoughts bearing on the general subject.

That the hog is a scavenger, that his habits are most filthy, and that his whole condition is unfavorable to the possession of sound health, will not be doubted. In his wild state it is quite probable that there is less of indolence, less of a tendency to "wallow in the mire," less of constitutional disease, yet under all circumstances the swine outcrops, the scavenger is apparent. Indeed, it is true that at the South and West, and in the Pacific Islands the hogs are not as gross, fat and scrofulous as among us, trained and over-fattened as they are usually. The flesh of the hog running at large and feeding on nuts, rattlesnakes, etc., must be less objectionable than much raised according to the more usual customs. As diseased as it must be even under the most favorable circumstances, it is evident that the prevailing customs of some localities must materially add to the natural inferiority.

A glance at the customs of rearing the swine, and the habits and tastes of the animal, will not be inappropriate. While there are exceptions, it is true that the swine, in his care and rearing, is regarded as simply a hog and is treated accordingly. He is too often found in the dark and filthy cellar of the stable, dark, damp, unventilated, as cheerless a spot as can well be imagined. That this animal may be content with his lot, really enjoying his filthy state, wallowing in his native element with manifest delight, and devouring the filth with a decided gusto, is not questioned, yet this satisfaction and content are no evidences that such a condition is favorable to the health of the animal, on which condition the wholesomeness of his flesh must depend.

Such an indolent life, sleeping away most of his time, such wallowing in the deep mire, rendering locomotion difficult, such cold dampness, such filthy and improper food, almost utterly excluded from the blessed air and sunshine, such a loathsome condition cannot but make the hog still more a hog, rendering a body naturally filled with the seeds of scrofula and humors in general, even more like the "Augean stables." Under such circumstances, subjected to such treatment, no living creature can escape injury. We should naturally expect to find the larger and more important glands in a state of inflammation, ulcer-

ation or degeneracy, and such is the fact. The livers of such swine must be in an advanced stage of ulceration, or even worse, while less important glands and organs have lost their integrity. Indeed, if we may receive the testimony of butchers, the ulceration of the livers of most of the over-fattened swine, those treated as they ordinarily are among our farmers and mechanics, is very general—the rule, not the exception. And in those in which this state may not be apparent it is more than probable that this condition is in an incipient stage, the work of degeneracy having already commenced. And when the important office of this gland is understood, the contamination and disease of the whole body, as a necessary sequence of this local disease must be apparent. Perhaps no other domestic animal can so well endure such treatment as the swine, yet the results are very marked even in his condition.

And then if we add to those kept in such stables, the large numbers fed on distillery slops, and sent abroad for slaughter, with still others kept to consume offal in general—all more diseased than those kept in comfortable stys and fed in the ordinary style—slaughtered, barreled and put into the general market, we may not be surprised that much of the pork offered by irresponsible parties and some others is totally unfit for use.

The Agricultural Reports afford reliable information on this subject, gathered from all parts of the country. The estimated annual loss, as seen by a recent one, from the "hog cholera" alone, is \$15,000,000. And though remedies have been devised, it is utterly impossible, in the nature of the case, to succeed in the use of remedial agents while hogs are kept, fed and treated in the present manner, so contrary to all correct principles. One of these reports says; "It cannot be possible that the flesh of these hogs, partially recovered, is fit for food, and yet it goes into consumption in some form." A reporter says that "the sickness of several persons, it is thought, resulted from diseased pork." Another says of the hogs in a certain locality that "they can be fattened, but have all through the meat something like fish eggs, full of corruption." The expert may not be puzzled to decide the disease in such a case, or long in deciding that such is totally unfit for the human stomach.

The most startling statements are made by these reporters employed by the government to collect facts, of course varying in different localities. In Pennsylvania, in one county, the estimated loss from death is sixteen per cent.; in Virginia, three-fourths; in North Carolina, one-third; in South Carolina, one-fourth; in Georgia, from one-fifth to one-half; in Alabama, of a herd of one hundred and seventy-four, all died but eighteen; in Louisiana, one-fourth; in Illinois and Michigan, one-half. In Indiana it is estimated that for five years "twenty per cent. die before reaching the barrel."

It would be a matter of surprise—as society is constituted, remembering the ease with which frauds are committed, when products are thrown into the general market—if the unprincipled should fail to slaughter swine at the first indications of disease, and thus fail to report all cases of the distemper. That much of such pork is in the market, the natural result of the sickness arrested by

slaughter while the flesh is in a semi-putrid state, or while the germs of disease exist, cannot admit of a reasonable doubt.

Without dwelling upon such accidental diseases as those connected with parasites, as the trichina, etc., the almost universal scrofulous condition of the fattened swine—remembering that this usual excess of fat is a positive evidence of disease—with the filthy tendencies of the universal swine, we cannot but class pork as far inferior to the beef raised in similar circumstances. It is generally gross and too highly carbonized for our climate, at least too difficult of digestion and contains too little nutriment to render its use desirable.

RAG CARPETS.

MR. EDITOR:—I see an inquiry in the April number of THE HOUSEHOLD about rag carpets, from Mrs. Eda. I consider myself pretty well posted on that subject, and so I will give her some information. In the first place it will take a little more than a pound of warp for every three yards of carpet; if she wishes to make twenty-five yards she had best get ten pounds of fine ball twine. She says that she has five or six pounds of white cotton rags that she wishes to color copperas. Now I think it would be better, if they are nice white rags, to color them some brighter color than copperas; green, for instance. I think green is a very pretty color in a carpet, and she could color any old stained rags copperas.

For a recipe to color green, take two ounces of bichromate of potash, four ounces of sugar of lead, four ounces of prussian blue, and four ounces of oxalic acid. That is, first color the rags yellow, and then blue, to produce a green, but it will not take more than fifteen minutes time. Dissolve the different articles in warm, soft water, about half a pailful to each kind of dye-stuff, and then dip the goods first in the potash and then in the sugar of lead until you have a nice yellow, and then in the prussian blue and then in the acid. Color them in wooden pails, and dip them more or less times according to the color required. It will want to be quite deep, as it will look more pale after it is dry.

To color copperas, put your copperas, say two pounds of it to five or six pounds of rags, into an iron kettle with water enough to cover the goods, and let them boil, and afterward wash in strong soap-suds.

To color red, for every five pounds of woolen goods, which must be white, take seven and one-half ounces of ground cochineal, ten ounces of cream of tartar, and one large wine-glassful of muriate of tin. It will not hurt a tin boiler. Let the cochineal boil in the water five minutes, and then put in the other ingredients; then put the goods into the dye and handle them to get an even color for three-quarters of an hour. Wash thoroughly in clear water.

It takes about one and a quarter pounds of rags to the yard. For the stripe, if it was mine, I should have next the black one thread of white and one of black, alternately, until you have three of each next the hit and miss, the number to be according to your quantity of that kind of rags; next, your blue, four threads, yellow, say three threads, (you could color a little when you color the green,) next, your red, and for the center of the stripe your green twisted with some

black, and the same colors as before to complete the stripe. The black stripe between the fancy stripes will want to be about fifteen threads wide.

Mrs. H. M. S.

LETTERS TO THE HOUSEHOLD.

MR. CROWELL:—Your HOUSEHOLD is just the thing we farmer's wives of the West need. It contains so much reliable information on every subject with which we have to deal, and better than all, there is such a tender sympathy for all our cares and sorrows beaming from every page, that we look upon it as a kind, and loving friend; a friend, too, that if taken into every home, would soon coax the tired wife from "moping on the back door step," and cause that "soggy bread" to rise to feathery lightness. I add my mite to the bread reformation, for I think there is more fact than fiction in Fanny's experience.

A correspondent of your valuable paper asks how to make good salt raised bread. If the following rules are observed, with good flour, salt raised bread will always be good. I have often wondered why there were so many recipes for yeast bread, and so few for salt raised, which I think far superior.

Put three teacups of water, as warm as you can bear your finger in, in a two quart cup or bowl, and three-fourths of a teaspoonful of salt, stir in flour enough to make quite a stiff batter; this for the rising, or emptyings as some call it. Set the bowl closely covered in a kettle, in warm water, "as warm as you can bear your finger in," and keep it as near this temperature as possible. Notice the time when you "set" your rising, in three hours stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour, put it back, and in five and one-half hours from time of setting, it will be within one inch of the top of your bowl. It is then light enough, and will make up eight quarts of flour; make a sponge in the center of your flour with one quart of water of the same temperature as rising, stir the rising into it, cover over with a little dry flour, and put it where it will keep very warm, but not scald; in three-fourths of an hour mix this into stiff dough; if water is used be sure it is very warm, and do not work as much as yeast bread, make the loaves a little larger and keep it warm for another three-fourths of an hour, it will then be ready to bake. While rising this last time have your oven heating; it needs a hotter oven than yeast bread. If these rules are followed you will have bread as white as snow, with a light-brown crust, deliciously sweet and tender.

Buttermilk Biscuit.—For six persons take three cups of buttermilk, or good sour milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls of soda, well pulverized and the teaspoon only level full; three tablespoonfuls of melted lard, and a teaspoonful of salt. Dissolve the soda in the milk, then mix your biscuits quickly, working well, but do not let them stand; bake a bright brown in a quick oven, and you will have biscuit, light, flaky, and white as snow. If cream is plenty, for extra nice use three cups of thin sour cream, (or one of thick cream and two of sour milk,) no lard and the same quantity of soda. This is good for graham flour, and the same proportions of milk, lard and soda, with the addition of two eggs, makes corn bread.

WISCONSIN.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I would like

to tell you how much we esteem your paper. When I subscribed for it last year I was entirely unacquainted with its merits, but have learned to highly appreciate its excellences, and when the year was drawing to its close we were feeling very poor, having just bought us a little home, and thinking in what we could retrench our expenses. I kept silent in regard to my favorite paper for awhile, but seeing the stern necessity of economizing in every respect, I offered to give it up, for a time at least. I knew my husband must have his books and papers for help. He is a clergyman, and not much to buy with. Children said, "No, no, ma must have her paper. We will give up ours." (Youth's Companion.) Husband said, "No, wife, you must have THE HOUSEHOLD; you have to stay in the house all the time." So through kindness, I have it another year. I am an invalid and have not walked, or borne my weight on my feet, for eight years. I suppose I have some more kindnesses than I otherwise would have.

Every piece in the paper is valuable. I consider the piece on "Home Etiquette," in the February number, alone worth more than the subscription price of the paper. I wish more could be written on that subject, and that it could be read and put into practice in every family in the land. Every word of it is very true and very important. It is a subject I have thought much about, as I have seen the lack of common civilities in very many families. O! that every mother could realize the fact, that "The home makes the country," etc.

I am sure your paper is growing in favor fast. I embrace every opportunity of showing it to my friends as they come in to visit me. I think I might have obtained more subscribers this year, had I been earlier, but as our "Home is on wheels," we happened to be on the move at the time I might have obtained subscribers. Poor health and the necessary work of getting settled in a new home, and among strangers, prevented me from doing so.

Mrs. M. E. M.

MR. EDITOR:—Possibly a few lines from this far, far west will be acceptable. Although we are so many thousands of miles away from you, yet THE HOUSEHOLD is received, welcomed, and I think appreciated.

Many of the hints are useful and the recipes valuable. If I may be allowed to criticise, when I cannot do as well myself, I should say some are not exact enough for young housekeepers, but remind me of a dear aunt who used to say "take a little of this, and a little of that, and use your judgment, child." I feel that I am a better woman and housekeeper for reading THE HOUSEHOLD. I particularly liked the article entitled "The Tables I have Seen." I hope we shall hear from the gentleman again. Also from the minister's wife. I agree with her in many points. I fully believe if women would make more definite plans for their work they would save much labor and vexation. Most people prefer waiting for admittance to the house a few moments while the good woman can put down her sleeves, put on a clean apron, and collect her thoughts, than to be received by one with a wet dishcloth, or broom, and looking at you as if she wished you the other side of the mountains.

Since the decision of the monied men to build the Northern Pacific Railroad, Washington Territory has settled up

very fast, yet there is room. However, I would not encourage any one that is doing well East to come here. We have many desirable things, as the climate, fruits and forests. People going to a new country will have many privations and hardships, even if they have money. Pansies, daisies, currants, and in some places, peas, (March 27,) have been in bloom for days, and this is where we are five degrees farther north than Boston, Mass.

SOPHIA.

Olympia, W. T.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Permit me to tell how much I like THE HOUSEHOLD. I think it a jewel. May I, too, join its happy band? What if Time has scattered a few silver threads among my auburn locks. I am not too old to learn. Perhaps I may impart some knowledge I have gathered from the waysides of life. Right glad am I that some of the band love flowers and recommend their cultivation. They are my pets, the darlings of my heart, and in some measure fill the vacancy caused by the absence of dear children. How they sweeten every toil of life, beguile the long wintry hours, and herald the approach of spring.

I will tell how I make hanging pots that are pretty: I take a broken goblet, or a common slip-pot without the saucer, draw over it an old stocking-foot, make it fast, then string acorns on a stout twine, (if dry, soak them,) commence at the bottom and fasten one by sewing over the twine, then wind a row, sewing often enough to make fast, until you are at the top; then paint green, or any bright color, fill the cavity between the acorns with black alder burs, then varnish, and see if it is not pretty.

Mrs. Eda wishes to know about making rag carpet. I should prefer tan color to copperas. If you live near a tan-yard tie up your rags in a bag, ask Mr. — to let you drop them in the vat for about ten days, and you will have a nice color that will not fade. Or you can get the bark, color in brass or tin, and set with a weak lime water. If I had an army coat I should wash it clean, get two pounds of fustic, boil in brass or tin, add one ounce of alum, dip it, and color it green.

I will give my recipe for coloring cotton blue, which I think is splendid and will not fade: For three pounds of goods take two pails of water, four ounces of copperas, heat near boiling, let them remain two hours in this, then take out the goods and put them in cold water, put in the kettle again two pails of water, two ounces of prussiate of potash, and boil the goods in this twenty minutes, take them out, put in one ounce of sulphuric acid, put in the goods and let them remain till as dark as you wish, (for very dark use more copperas in the beginning,) when done rinse in cold water and a good color will reward you. The ingredients can be obtained of any druggist.

Mrs. S. P.

MR. CROWELL:—I enclose one dollar for a year's subscription for THE HOUSEHOLD, to begin with the April number. I received the three numbers, January, February and March, for which I sent, and after a diligent examination I think this paper is just what I need. There is already so homelike a feeling associated with it that I think I will not be afraid to write a letter for it—if the editor thinks it worth printing—I never did so fearful a thing as to write a letter to be printed, but I do so like to read the let-

ters that others write. It seems to exalt the petty details of housework to have them written about in a paper, besides learning so much from the varied experience of others.

I like Mrs. W. J. B.'s article in the January number. I, too, would like to see some of those crooked things made straight, for they are certainly very distracting. Truly we ought to know more about the science of cooking, and what more practical way than through the columns of THE HOUSEHOLD? I would answer Mrs. W. J. B.'s first question by saying that I use steeped tea leaves to color drab, on cotton or woolen. I save till I have about a two quart basin full, then put them in a kettle of soft water, boil about an hour, then strain through a colander, adding about a teaspoonful of copperas. I believe some use alum instead, but I never have tried it. Wring the goods lightly out of warm water, put them in the dye, lifting and stirring quickly so as not to spot, etc., according to other directions for dyeing.

I think alum has the effect to harden or make the pickles firm, and also brighter colored, but as I do not care for these qualities in pickles, I do not use alum. Boiling in hot water, or boiling them in vinegar, makes them tender.

A reader in the March number wants to know how to prepare warm or cold slaw. My recipe entitles it "coleslaw." Cut the cabbage fine, sprinkle over it a saltspoonful of salt. For a large dish, say a quart, use two eggs, half a teacupful of vinegar, half a teacupful of water, and a piece of butter the size of an egg. Beat the eggs together very light, add the water, vinegar and butter, and put all in a clean tin on the fire, stirring all the time until it is of a creamy thickness. Pour it hot over the cabbage, stir up well with a fork, and leave to cool. It can be varied by putting the cabbage in the dressing and heating it till it is wilted. What mother used to call cold slaw, was simply cut cabbage with cold vinegar and a little sugar and spice poured over it.

I have a great many recipes—practical, every-day ones, I think, that I might add, but this seems a very long epistle for me, and if it seems so long to others the editor will surely not print it; anyway, I must stop writing, for there are stockings to darn, and—I'm in a hurry to see the next HOUSEHOLD.

PANSY.

Toledo, Iowa.

MR. EDITOR:—I have taken your paper one year and like it very much, but have neglected renewing my subscription until now, (for which I hope you will forgive me when you learn the cause, and send me the January number if you can.)

We have had one of the worst storms that has visited Montana since our arrival in 1864; snow very deep, and now it is so icy that it is almost impossible for a team to move about, even to carry the ladies a visiting, as you must know they always wish to go, rain or shine, (or that is what the men say about us.)

That is one cause. The other is something like the couple that got married. After the ceremony was performed the bridegroom said to the Justice of the Peace: "Squire, you will have to wait until I sell a bunch of shingles before I can pay you." But the bride soon set her dear's heart to rest by saying: "La, me, Thomas, I thought of that last fall, and picked up beachnuts enough to come to a dollar." The money question is

about the same with me. I had to make a pair of gloves before I could get the dollar. But now I have enough and will send you three dollars instead of one, wishing two copies to go to Wisconsin.

You will see by my letter that I am some like the old gentleman's son in New York. He said his "Ephraim was not a very good gramirine, but was a good arithmaticker." Nevertheless I think my old Vermont brother or sister can make it out, especially when they come to the money. I wish I was in my old Green Mountain State to-night, instead of the far, far West.

I have been very much benefited by your excellent recipes, and will send some of mine:

Yolk Cake.—Yolks of eight eggs, two cups of sugar, one cup of buttermilk, one cup of butter, three cups of flour, one half teaspoonful of soda, and flavor to taste.

Sponge or Rubber Cake.—The whites of eight eggs, three cups of sugar, beat sugar and eggs five minutes, and add two cups of flour, one cup of water, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one teaspoonful of soda, beat two minutes, add two more cups of flour, and flavor to taste.

Mrs. H. H.

Willow Creek, Montana.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Number Two.

I wrote an article for the December number of THE HOUSEHOLD, entitled Domestic Economy, and intended to write another long ere this, but I have been very busy lately and have not had time to write to my friends of THE HOUSEHOLD.

Well, let us see what we can write about for this article. I will give you our bill of fare for a day's dinner we had last week. It consisted of the following articles, and was cheap and wholesome:

Fried ham, asparagus, cream biscuit, and dried apple pie. The ham we cured ourselves, and the asparagus we raised in our own garden. The cream biscuit were made as follows:

Cream Biscuit.—Take one-half sour cream and one-half buttermilk, about a pint in all, soda to sweeten, a little salt, flour to mold out, and bake to a light brown, and if you don't say they are nice you are no judge of cream biscuit.

The asparagus was boiled and buttered, the ham fried, and with the biscuit and apple pie we made a good meal. The apple pie was simply made with dried apple, soaked over night, cooked, and a lemon with the rind grated, and the pulp cut fine, added, and cooked in, one lemon for four pies. One does not know the value of an asparagus bed till they own one, and have it to go to as they please, and with proper care, and a good season your crop will not be likely to fail.

A lady in the May number wants a recipe for making Charlotte Russe. I will send one which is as follows:

Charlotte Russe.—Three eggs; one pint of milk, set it on the fire till it thickens, and let it cool; boil one ounce of Russia isinglass in one pint of water till it is a thick jelly, cool and mix with the custard; add four tablespoonfuls of white sugar, and the grated rind and juice of a lemon; whip up half a pint of sweet cream, adding sugar to taste, and mix with the custard. Bake a nice sponge cake in a round tin basin, as large as your dish for the table is to be;

take off the top of the cake and remove about half the inside, leaving a nice wall all around, and fill in the custard, after putting your cake in the dish you intend to send it to the table in, and cover with the top piece; beat up to a light froth the whites of two eggs and four table-spoonfuls of white sugar and spread over the top. Put it in a cool place till wanted, on ice if convenient, and you will have a nice company dish.

The Dover Egg Beater is the nicest thing I have seen as a household convenience. Try one.

Any time when a recipe is wanted, please state what, dear HOUSEHOLD, and I will try and answer it. B. F. Y.

HOUSEWORK.

People generally think that all women, young and old, whatever their taste, in whatever direction their talent lies, ought to do housework. If a young man has a taste for any particular vocation, he is expected to follow it, and he is awarded great commendation for proficiency in that vocation, no matter how little he may know of anything else. If he takes naturally to journalism, it is not considered his duty to work with hoe and spade all his life. But custom and prejudices have marked out one vocation for woman and that is housework, and unless she excels in this she receives wholesale denunciation.

Men are apt to sneer at a woman who is inefficient in household duties, but did man ever think that if his own sex were to follow any one special business there might be some who would prove incompetent? For instance, should Agriculture be laid down as the only God-allotted sphere of man, should we not be likely to see as great a number of slack farmers as we do now of housekeepers? We expect man to attain an excellence in one direction only, namely, one for which he has a particular taste. Is it not insulting, then, to require that all women who, from time immemorial, have had almost no advantages of education compared with men, and many of them who already excel in some departments of learning, should attain the very maximum of excellence in housewifery for which some have no taste?

Of course we do not deny that it is better to be a good housekeeper than a poor one, but truly no one ought to expect all women to like housekeeping equally well. It will be a great lesson when people learn that women have as noble aspirations as ever beat within the breast of any man. Every far-sighted person can see that there is as much difficulty in the tastes of women as in those of men, and he who knows it not, understands not human nature aright. —*Christian Union*.

SEASONABLE HINTS.

The N. Y. Tribune says that "a little very simple knowledge would go a great way in warm weather. Here are a party of amateur sportsmen coming home in disgust on account of mosquitoes, and a thousand of stay-at-homes who find life almost unendurable on any terms for flies. If either party knew it, carbolic acid is the sovereign remedy for all their troubles. A few drops evaporated in a room or poured upon the clothes will keep the winged pests at a safe distance; and if the pure crystallized acid is used no great annoyance will result to human beings. Restaurant keepers ought to

know this, and keep the swarms of flies away from their windows, where they settle and buzz to the torment of passers.

The musty taste of the croton water complained of by those who make its acquaintance newly every summer, may be corrected by throwing a few scraps of sheet iron into the water tank or cooler. This prevents water from decomposing, and keeps it pure and sweet. It will even preserve the water from growing unwholesome and offensive on long sea voyages.

People are constantly rushing about in the hot sun complaining of headache and giddiness, when all they need for safety and comfort is a wet handkerchief in the crown of the hat."

BOILING POTATOES.

When they come to the table smoking hot with their "jackets" on all bursting with the floury inside, it is a sight to make a dyspeptic good natured, and never will fail to turn a sullen face into wreathing smiles.

Then let me say a few words about cooking this vegetable, and tell the way in which I have been the most successful.

To boil potatoes, let them lie in cold water six hours at least before boiling, (twelve hours for very old potatoes, is not too long.) Then put them in a little water a little salted, and the water be kept a moderate boil till they are done, which should be tested with a fork; then pour off the water and let them stand in the pot till dry. Great care should be taken not to let them boil a moment after they are done, as it will render them watery.

An excellent plan to make old potatoes mealy is to turn them into a cloth and rapidly shake them about, or take them one at a time in a cloth and slightly press them.

The larger potatoes should be put into the pot before the smaller ones, that they may be equally done. It requires from forty to fifty minutes to boil old potatoes. New ones will take half the time. —*Exchange*.

TIN FOIL.

Tin foil has long been used, with excellent effect, as a preservative from the air, of various substances that require such exclusion, especially such as chocolate, tobacco, cocoa-butter, efflorescent and deliquescent salts, etc. Quite recently a new application has been made of it in the preservation of lemons, which as is well known, soon become dry and hard when exposed to the air, and ultimately parchment-like and covered with mold. The foil, however, has the effect of preventing such drying up, and of keeping the lemons fresh for an indefinite period of time. In one experiment, after an interval of two months, the lemons had only lost 1 1-2 per cent of their weight, and in three months little over three per cent, and in some cases even less than this. Oranges, similarly treated, lost only five per cent in two months, and on the removal of the metal covering, both kinds of fruit were found to be as fresh and fragrant as when the experiment commenced.

JAPAN TEA.

It is well known that the kind of tea called Japan is extensively used in the United States. It is precisely the same article that was formerly known as Green

tea. By the method of preparing it for sale, its color is changed, and it is made very poisonous, and of course, injurious.

An old sea captain who had seen the mode of curing and coloring it, assured us, many years ago, that he would never drink it, nor would any one who had seen the preparation of it.

A few times, in forty years, when at tables where no other tea is offered, we have drunk a cup of Japan, but always to our injury. For several years we have not tasted it, and as temperance men, as we claim to have been for many years, we would sooner drink three full glasses of whisky any day, than three cups of Japan tea.

Its analysis has often been made public, and it is marvelous that people continue to use it. We are assured that several persons in Wakefield are now in a precarious condition resulting from the use of this tea, and that such is the decision of the doctors. —*East Boston Advocate*.

SALT IN COOKING VEGETABLES.

If one portion of a dish of vegetables be boiled in pure water, and the other in water to which a little salt has been added, the latter will be found better flavored and more tender; if potatoes, they will be mealier. Onions are especially improved by being cooked in salt water. Their rankness of odor and flavor is mitigated, or modified into a peculiar sweetness and aroma. The salt appears to hinder the evaporation of the more volatile principles of the vegetables.

CLEANING SILVER.

Boil together ashes and water sufficient to cover the ware, putting in promiscuously forks, spoons, castor, etc. Let it boil for one hour, and your silver will have a new look. The lye cleans the accumulated dirt around the crevices. Wipe off with a soft cloth.

DOMESTIC MELANGE.

—Cracks in stoves may be effectually stopped by a paste made of ashes and salt, mixed with water.

—Wash the glasses of pictures with a dampened newspaper dipped into whiting, and rub dry with a newspaper.

—Soap suds will eventually destroy the polish on marble fire-places, tables, etc., if used in washing them. The potash in the soap decomposes the carbonate of lime and causes the destruction.

—Lace curtains should never be ironed. Wash and starch them, using in the rinsing water a tablespoonful of powdered borax. This makes them very stiff. When wet, spread on a sheet either on the floor or bed, and pin down firmly every two or three inches. Let them dry for several days and they will look very nice.

—All kinds of poultry and meat can be cooked quicker by adding to the water in which they are boiled a little vinegar, or a piece of lemon. By the use of an acid, there will be considerable saving of fuel, as well as shortening of time. Its action is beneficial on old, tough meats, rendering them quite tender and easy to be digested. Tainted meats and fowls will lose their bad taste and odor if cooked in this way, and if not used too freely, no taste of it will be acquired.

—In washing windows, a narrow-bladed wooden knife, sharply pointed,

will take out the dust that hardens in the corners of the sash. Dry whiting will polish windows nicely; and we find weak black tea the best liquid to wash the glasses. For a few days before the cleaning is to take place, save all the tea grounds. Then when needed, boil them in a tin pail with two quarts of water, and use liquid on the windows. It takes off all dust and fly specks. If applied with a newspaper, and rubbed off with another paper, they will look far better than if cloth is used.

—A new keg, churn, bucket, or other wooden vessel, will generally communicate a disagreeable taste to anything that is put into it. To prevent this inconvenience, scald the vessel well with boiling water, letting the water remain in it until cold; then dissolve some pearl-ash or soda in lukewarm water, adding a little lime to it. Wash the inside of the vessel well with this solution. Afterward scald it well with hot water, and rinse with cold water before you use it. The reason for this is the ready combination of resinous matter with alkalies to form compounds soluble in alcohol.

HOUSEHOLD RECIPES.

STEAMED BROWN BREAD.—Mrs. P. P. C. asks for a recipe for making brown bread. I would like her to try mine. I have used it for over twenty years, and every one likes the bread that has eaten it. One quart of rye meal, one pint of Indian meal, one cup of molasses, one teaspoonful of sifted saleratus stirred in the molasses, a little salt, stir soft with cold water, steam three hours, and dry off in the oven fifteen minutes.

I also have a cheap rule for sponge cake, which I never knew to fail being good. Three eggs, one cup of sugar, one cup of flour, three teaspoonfuls of water, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, a dessert-spoonful of vinegar stirred in quickly and the last thing added. Bake about twenty-five minutes. Mrs. T. T.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Some one asks for a recipe for artificial honey. Eight pounds of coffee sugar, three pounds of boiling water, one and one-half pounds of strained honey, mix well together, heat until the skum rises, skim and strain it. Some like it flavored with vanilla. Any other extract may be used.

Another asks for a recipe for delicate cake. One cup of white sugar, the white of two eggs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one half cup of sweet milk, one and one-half cups of sifted flour, flavor with lemon.

Perhaps I have written more than enough, but I have a recipe for removing the stain of nitrate of silver and indelible ink, which I do not recollect having seen in print. I will send it and you can do as you please about publishing it. Dissolve a piece of cyanide of potassium the size of a large pea in a teaspoonful of water, soak the goods in it a few minutes, then rinse the potassium thoroughly from the goods. Keep the cyanide corked tight. It is a poison. Mrs. J. T. H.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.—As I have received so much benefit from THE HOUSEHOLD I think I will send a recipe. Some time since Alice wished a recipe for raised doughnuts. Here is mine, try it. One quart of flour, one-half cup of yeast, one cup of sugar, one egg, one-half cup of thin sweet cream, a less quantity if the cream is thick, a little salt and nutmeg; wet with new milk, and set in a warm place to rise. When light knead and let it rise again, and when raised, fry. In cold weather the dough can be kept two or three days by setting it in a cool place, but do not let it freeze. Less rich cakes can be made by leaving out the sugar, and butter or lard can be used instead of the cream. S. E.

MUFFINS.—I think Carrie will like this recipe for muffins: One pint of luke-warm milk, one egg, one-half cup of baker's or home-made yeast, a little salt, a piece of butter the size of an egg, flour to make a stiff batter, and

put in a warm place to rise. Bake in buttered rings on a griddle. When brown on one side, turn them, ring and all. Pull them open, as cutting makes them heavy.

CHARLOTTE DE RUSSE.—Whip one pint of thick cream to a froth, make a smooth custard with one gill of milk and one egg, sweeten to taste, dissolve one-fourth ounce of gelatine in a little water, stir into the custard, and strain. When cold mix with the cream and add any flavoring preferred. Line an oval tin, with straight sides, with sponge cake, the edges dipped in the white of an egg, and fill with the mixture. Turn out on a platter when served.

I was going to send a recipe for sugar candy, but I notice you have one. I will send mine for caramels. Three cups of molasses, two cups of sugar, one cup of milk, one-fourth pound of chocolate, a piece of butter half the size of an egg, and boil half an hour. While warm mark into small squares. **LIZZIE W.**

WONDERS.—Five eggs, four ounces of butter, six ounces of sugar, mix stiff and roll thin, cut in any desired shape and fry in lard. They will keep any length of time and always good.

WHITE CAKE.—The whites of three eggs, one and one-half cups of white sugar, butter the size of a small egg, two and one-half cups of flour with two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar mixed with it, one teaspoonful of soda in one cup of sweet milk. Beat butter, eggs and sugar well together, then add the other ingredients and bake immediately.

JUMBLES.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, three well-beaten eggs, flour enough to roll out, sprinkle with sugar and bake quick.

DOUGHNUTS.—One cup of sugar, one cup of sour cream, one cup of buttermilk, and two eggs.

LEMON PIE.—One lemon, one cup of sugar, one cup of water, one egg, and one tablespoonful of flour. This makes just enough for a round bake tin. Bake with two crusts.

Will some one tell me if there is a way to make good muffins without milk. **C. M. S. Peoria, Ill.**

FRENCH CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of milk, three eggs, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, raisins and spice to taste. I sometimes omit the raisins, and make two loaves.

ONE EGG CAKE.—One and a half cups of sugar, one egg, one cup of milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, three cups of flour, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and lemon to taste. **Mrs. B. A. G.**

FINGER BISCUIT.—Four eggs, and a small teaspoonful of sal-ammoniac dissolved in just the least bit of boiling water, beat about ten minutes, then add one pound of white sugar, first taking out about two tablespoonfuls to roll them in, beat well together, then add flour enough to make a very stiff dough, flavor with lemon, roll them about half an inch thick, cut out the size of your little finger, and bake quick. In rolling them out use the sugar and no flour.

Some one inquired for nice fruit cake. Here is one we think nice; we call it "Mrs. Tatman's." Six ounces of butter, ten ounces of sugar, fourteen ounces of flour, two eggs, one-half pint of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, three tablespoonfuls of molasses, one pound of currants, one cup of stoned and chopped raisins, a little citron, clove, cinnamon, lemon and nutmeg. A little brandy makes it keep better, although it keeps well without. Frost it. For frosting dissolve a piece of isinglass in warm water, then make it hard with powdered sugar. **A. M. N.**

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One pound of flour, one pound of sugar, one-half pound of butter, six eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, half a pint of sweet milk, the rind and juice of a lemon. Bake in jelly cake pans.

Icing for the Cake.—One cake of chocolate, the whites of six eggs, one and three-fourths pounds of icing sugar, one teaspoonful of milk. Grate the chocolate, then mix with the sugar. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, stir in the chocolate and sugar, and beat well; lay

this on the cake while hot, then place another cake on and repeat the icing, until you have the pile as thick as is desired, and ice again on top.

COLD SLAW.—*Dear Household:*—Your cheerful countenance and useful words are hailed by your new admirers with a great deal of pleasure, and we are glad to contribute our mite in a recipe for cold slaw, which is considered good. Having your cabbage cut fine, to one small or half a large one, take two eggs, one teaspoonful (not heaped) of butter, four teaspoonfuls of sugar, half a teaspoonful of mustard, black pepper and salt to taste, one cup of vinegar, flavor with celery or celery seed, and put in the cabbage. Beat the eggs together, adding the other ingredients with half the vinegar, let this boil until it thickens, then add the rest of the vinegar and let it boil again, and when this thickens mix gradually, while hot, with the cabbage. The quantities can be altered to suit the different tastes, but this is good. By adding cold chopped chicken we have a nice chicken salad. **Y.**

Wilmington, N. C.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD.—May I trouble you to inquire through your most excellent paper, if any of your readers will please tell me how to make good salt raised bread? I cannot make the raising come up. Also, how to make pie-plant jelly? and if gooseberry jelly can be made? Please obtain information for me, and confer a great favor on **A SUBSCRIBER.**

Decatur, Ill.

"A Subscriber" will find an article on Salt Raised Bread in THE HOUSEHOLD for March, 1872.

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—I noticed in a late number that one of the subscribers of your paper wished to know how to get rid of cockroaches. I will send my mother's way: Get of the drug-gist ten or fifteen cents worth of Persian Insect Powder and scatter it about the room near the mop-boards. You will not be troubled long. **A LITTLE GIRL.**

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—Mrs. A. M. wishes a recipe for delicate cake. Here is one that she will find very nice:

DELICATE CAKE.—Two cups of flour, one and one-half cups of white sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, the whites of four eggs beaten to a froth, half a teaspoonful or more of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, and one teaspoonful of essence of lemon.

The yolks of the eggs can be used in the following cake which will also be found very nice:

WATERVILLE CAKE.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, the yolks of four eggs, one cup of milk, four cups of flour, about two cups of raisins, one small, even teaspoonful of soda, a little nutmeg.

Will some one tell me how to make fried trifles? and oblige, **M. L. A.**

Will some lady reader send me a recipe for raised cake? and oblige, **M. C. H.**

MR. CROWELL:—F. H. T. can make crab-apple preserves and keep them (or any other fruit) whole by taking as many pounds of sugar as of fruit. Dissolve the sugar by putting a little water with it and heating it, then pour it hot over the fruit and let it stand over night. In the morning heat them up slowly, but do not let them boil at all, and when the fruit is cooked through take it out with a ladle and boil the syrup down and pour over it.

Green tomatoes and salt will take out iron rust. Spread it on and lay in the sun a day or two.

CABBAGE RECIPE.—This is an extra recipe for preparing cabbage. Take one quart of finely chopped cabbage, salt it to taste, and pour over it some good vinegar. Take a basin that will hold your cabbage, put in it one teacupful of good cream and a piece of butter the size of an egg, and set this over the fire. Drain the vinegar off the cabbage. When the cream boils break an egg into it, stir it quickly, turn the cabbage into it, stir it, and take it from the fire instantly. If every farmer's wife that reads THE HOUSEHOLD will try this, she will never call cabbage a homely dish again.

Will some of THE HOUSEHOLD ladies tell me how to bake chickens, and give a recipe for the dressing, and for giblet gravy? **WISCONSIN.**

MR. CROWELL:—Noticing a request from A Reader of THE HOUSEHOLD for a way to curl mohair. I would like to tell her my way, or ways. If she would take the yolk of an egg and wet the mohair before curling on an iron, I think she would find no trouble in having it stay a good while? Or if she would just take the dry mohair on an iron it is a good way. **BELLE.**

DEAR HOUSEHOLD:—F. H. T. says "Egia gives a recipe for making a yeast, and says, 'when cold add from one-half to one pint of good yeast,' what kind of yeast is meant, and is soda needed." Some of my friends having borrowed my HOUSEHOLD and forgotten (?) to return it, I cannot refer to it, but the quotation, I think, is incorrect, as it should be, "when cool add the yeast." I let mine get about milk warm. You can rise it with one or two cakes of dry yeast, or with a pint of baker's yeast, or if not in the neighborhood of a bakery, borrow a pint of your neighbor, which be sure and repay when yours is fresh. I use yeast freely; the ingredients are not such as to make the bread "taste;" it rises very much quicker and the bread keeps moister. Never use soda, nor ylo I use any salt. For four loaves of bread I use a pint of yeast, and a tablespoonful of lard, and mix with warm water. From the multitudinous array of recipes for yeast and bread making in THE HOUSEHOLD, I have no doubt there are some most excellent cooks, but I fail to find any that are simpler than my own, so I cling to that yet. But I would like to inquire what makes my bread sometimes split, or divide, in rising or baking, so that I cannot slice it without the slices breaking in the middle or toward the top. I have studied in vain for a solution of the mystery.

I have always been interested in THE HOUSEHOLD. Its recipes are adapted to our own ways of living, and the social, chatty interchange of ideas and matters of home interest, have been a lasting blessing to many a family. I have always said the editor of such a paper had no right to be a bachelor, and I congratulate its readers that he has been led to see his error and turn from it, and that now we have an editor who, when he talks of home and household, has a better understanding of the word than heretofore. **EGIA.**

MR. CROWELL:—Having seen an inquiry in a recent number of THE HOUSEHOLD how to make pumpkin sauce, and not yet having seen a reply, I will send my way, which I have found very convenient this winter. Put into a good sized preserving kettle one gallon of molasses, one large pumpkin cut very fine, and cook it in the molasses; add two lemons and stew till soft. **M. J. W.**

MR. EDITOR:—I noticed a few questions in your March number which I will answer if you can find space to permit. One of your readers wishes for a recipe for slaw. Here is the one I use and it is considered very nice: Dress a cabbage-head nicely, chop very fine, season with salt and cayenne pepper, and cover with nice cider vinegar. I never heard it called anything but slaw.

PICKLING SMALL ONIONS.—Peel and stick a row of whole cloves all around them, and cover with strong cider vinegar.

Mrs. P. C. C. wishes a recipe for boiled brown bread. The following I have used for the past four years with success, and it has always received a great deal of praise: Two even cupfuls of nice Indian meal, two heaped cupfuls of rye, one heaped teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, half a cup of molasses, mix quite moist, not soft, with warm water, and steam three hours. My method is to place it in the oven for five minutes, after removing from the kettle, to dry off the top.

DELICATE CAKE.—One egg, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, and flavor with lemon. It is very light and nice. **Mrs. C. H. S.**

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I have been a constant reader of your valuable paper over a year, and will say I like it much. I am rejoiced that so instructive a paper is in circulation to aid so many in their domestic duties. I have tried quite a good many recipes and found them excellent. I will send one for clove cake:

CLOVE CAKE.—One cup of butter, three cups of sugar, four cups of flour, one cup of milk, four eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar, one tablespoonful

of cloves, and one tablespoonful of cinnamon. This makes two loaves. With the addition of fruit it makes very good fruit cake.

I would like to ask a few questions through the columns of your valuable paper:

Will some of your many readers please inform me how vinegar can be made from cider that has stood a year or more?

If some one will send me a recipe for making good ginger snaps, I would be truly grateful.

I would also like to ask if oranges can be prepared in any way during warm weather to be kept for winter use? **A READER.**

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Will you, or some of your readers, tell me how to can corn? and oblige.

And as we are discussing the "corn" question, tell your correspondent, M. J. R., to pare and oil with olive oil, and repeat the operation even after the corns have ceased to be troublesome. **E. I. M.**

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—I have seen quite a number of recipes or directions about taking out iron rust. I would like to send a very simple one. Lay a warm flat-iron face upwards, then place the spot of iron rust upon it, and rub it with a slice of lemon. Another way is to sprinkle salt upon it, then wet it well with lemon juice and hang it in the sun. You may have to wet it a second time.

GERMAN GREENS.—Boil them, chop fine, make a little, and only a little, gravy with flour, butter and boiling water, then put in the greens and let them simmer a few minutes. Very nice, especially for dandelions.

Can any of your readers give a recipe for soft molasses cookies? and oblige, **A. M. N.**

MR. CROWELL:—*Dear Sir:*—Please inform me through THE HOUSEHOLD, to inquire if there is any way of cleaning pongee parasols? I have a light-colored pongee lined with silk, how can I clean it? **Mrs. EVA W.**

MR. CROWELL:—*Dear Sir:*—Please allow me, through THE HOUSEHOLD, to inquire if any of your many readers know a positive remedy for those troublesome pests called cockroaches?

I will send what I know to be a positive cure for red ants. It is simply table salt sprinkled on your shelves, or wherever they trouble you. **EMILY.**

Will some subscriber of THE HOUSEHOLD inform me how to can green corn? also, green peas? I have entire success in canning all kinds of fruit, and would like to be proficient in the art of canning vegetables. By giving the above information oblige a friend of THE HOUSEHOLD. **Mrs. F. A. H.**

MR. EDITOR:—Perhaps some of your sixty thousand subscribers (and I think you have about two hundred in this town) may never have heard of this way to sweep a carpet, viz.: Take old newspapers and wet them in water, wring out slightly, then tear them into small pieces and scatter over the floor, after which sweep the room in the ordinary way. **Norwich, Conn. Mrs. W.**

MR. CROWELL:—I like THE HOUSEHOLD very much. I would like to ask if any of your readers can tell me how the pickle is made that cucumbers are in that are sold by the barrel? and oblige, **G. J. H.**

Will some of the readers of THE HOUSEHOLD furnish me with a remedy for small black ants with which my closets are infested? and oblige, **EMMA.**

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—Will you have the kindness to inform me through your columns of the most effectual means and method of exterminating bed-bugs? I recently moved into a house that was full of them, and have exhausted all remedies known to myself or neighbors, and still they come. **Mrs. S.**

Our correspondent will find the bed-bug subject fully considered in the January and April numbers for 1871.

EDITOR HOUSEHOLD:—In your next issue will you give a recipe for mushroom catsup? As THE HOUSEHOLD contains a great variety of valuable recipes, we are in hopes to find one giving the above desired information. **SUBSCRIBER.**



THE YEAR'S TWELVE CHILDREN.

January, worn and gray
Like an old pilgrim by the way,
Watches the snow and shivering sighs,
As the wild curlew round him flies;
Or, huddled underneath a thorn,
Sits praying for the lingering storm.

February, bluff and bold,
O'er furrows striding, scorns the cold,
And with his horses two abreast,
Makes the keen plough do his behest.

Rough March comes blustering down the road,
In his wrathful hand the oxen goad;
Or, with a rough and angry haste,
Scatters the seeds o'er the dark waste.

April, a child, half tears, half smiles,
Trips full of little playful wiles;
And laughing 'neath her rainbow hood,
Seeks the wild violet in the wood.

May, the bright maiden, singing goes,
To where the snowy hawthorn blows;
Watching the lambs leap in the dells,
List'ning the simple village bells.

June with a mower's scarlet face,
Moves over the clover-field apace,
And fast his crescent scythe sweeps on
O'er spots from whence the lark has flown.

July, the farmer, happy fellow,
Laughs to see the corn grow yellow;
The heavy grain he tosses up
From his right hand as from the cup.

August, the reaper, cleaves his way
Through golden waves to break of day!
Or on his wagon, piled with corn,
At sunset, home is proudly borne.

September, with his baying hound,
Leaps fence and pale at every bound,
And casts into the wind in scorn
All cares and dangers from his horn.

October comes, a woodman old,
Fenced with tough leather from the cold;
Round swings his sturdy axe, and lo!
A fir-branch falls at every blow.

November cowers before the flame,
Blear crone, forgetting his own name!
Watches the blue smoke curling rise,
And broods upon old memories.

December, fat and rosy, strides,
His old heart warm, well clothed his sides,
With kindly work for young and old,
The cheerier for the bracing cold;
Laughing a welcome, open flings
His doors and as he does it, sings.

—Chamber's Journal.

HOW MRS. GRAVES' PARLOR
CAME TO BE FURNISHED.

BY C. DORA NICKERSON.

IT was a cool November morning, and a sun that seemed tardy in rising, looked in on Mr. and Mrs. Graves as they were finishing their breakfast. It was evident that Mrs. Graves was meditating. Mr. G. noticed her over his paper, and hardly liked the looks. She wasn't an extravagant woman, and didn't bother him for much money, but then, she was a woman, and had no business with much money.

Dear "suz!" He married her thirty-five years ago, and had boarded and dressed her ever since. He should think any woman ought to be thankful for such saint-like magnanimity, and was just going to come round to say so, when she astonished him with,

"Husband, don't you think you can afford to furnish the parlor this month? The children are coming home to spend Thanksgiving and—"

"Lucindy Graves! that parlor has got furniture enough now—it's what was in our other parlor anyhow." "Lucindy"

looked resolute—looked as if she had been "bottled up" long enough, and the "bead" that began to rise as the little figure shook, looked rather ominous for the contented Benedict.

"Six chairs with high backs and cane seats, purchased seventeen years ago at the enormous price of fifty cents per chair. One piano. Cost two hundred dollars eleven years ago."

"Yes, and just add in the music lessons," said the astonished Otis.

"Four quarters at ten per quarter for Maggie. All the other teaching, I did myself and the work for a family of ten beside. \$240; and Maggie gave lessons for more than five years before she was married."

"But her board, Lucindy!"

"Five years of teaching at an average of \$60 per quarter," went on the little woman as if no interruption had occurred, "would amount to \$1200. She never was absent from the washtub, ironing table and cook shelves a half dozen times during those years, that I remember, beside cleaning the house spring and fall, saving you fine little bills. She helped me about the sewing year after year, and bore her share of the work to spare me, and walked miles to earn her money sometimes, besides the countless hours she has spent at the cradles of the nine little babies that came after her. She has paid her board in full I judge." Said very quietly—Otis Graves couldn't see what possessed the woman. He never saw her act like this before.

"Beside, the rooms she has furnished, the little dresses, frocks and pants she has bought for the children and the holiday gifts and a thousand ones between, help cancel the board obligation—cancel in full in fact."

"How the woman acts!" thought Otis "She's demented."

"Let me see," pursued the immovable woman. "We lived at your father's old tumble down shanty twenty-five years. Had seven rooms to furnish. That leaked, and we moved into this. I remember distinctly that your furniture and crockery bill was \$400, carpets and all when we began, or during the first five years. Since then you have had a desk—but our Isaac and Williams gave you that. Well, you've had an office chair since—but come to think, Maggie gave you that on your birthday. Well we've had an "extension table" two, cheap rockers, one stand, one mirror, (a three dollar one,) one rush carpet and one hemp one, one five dollar bureau—well we'll call the whole \$100 more."

("We'll call the whole" etc. Why what did that woman mean? he wasn't reckoning at all, he didn't want to, and what's more he wouldn't. He never saw her show so much "grit" before.)

"When the other house got to be sieve and house too, we moved into this with eleven rooms. That was ten years ago. It was a good bargain and cheap."

So she was getting sarcastic. Good gracious! this was worse than weeding beets. He wished he was out in the barn mending his plough—this was getting a little plain.

"Eleven rooms," still balancing her fork calculatingly, "and not a chair or cricket has been added from your purse since. The children have furnished the sleeping rooms and made little additions all over the house in various ways, but the six cane seats alternate between parlor and sitting room, and if the seventh one calls we never forget our rote. We levy on the dining room chairs. The identical

ones Grandma Graves rested in, when she cooled herself in her parlor fifty years ago."

Humph! now she was talking against his poor, old dead mother! He verily believed that woman was threatened with the brain fever. This was a new feature. She always seemed real content and minded her own business, till now. Talk about "Woman's Rights." If 'twas anything like this, the leaders ought to be choked. Somehow she talked on and looked so, he couldn't say a word back.

"The carpets I made twenty-three years ago still do duty, and the same sheets are in wear now. We have welcomed ten children and all have arrived at years of discretion, manhood and womanhood. But one girl remains with us and she has earned her living since she was fourteen and since then, given herself three years of needed schooling, hired the money and repaid it, fearing to ask to disturb the bonds, notes etc., of her father's, and teaches now.

Isaac, William, Maggie, Georgie, Reuben and Otis, are married and settled. They, that is, Isaac, Georgie, Reuben and Otis went to sea when young, were good boys and made a deal of money, which explains the existence of the bonds.

Wallace is here, Samuel and Francis, the twins, have been good faithful boys on the farm and are so still, saving many a hundred dollars in hire, which explains the reason of the railroad stock, wood land and bank stock in part, for 'a penny saved is a penny earned' you know. I shan't believe that children are all expense and no profit. It hasn't been so with yours anyhow."

"But Lucindy!" he was getting his voice again. "Look at the wear and tear that I've had to keep up,"

"Look at the wear and tear that I've had to keep up." "Lucindy" answered firmly.

This was getting serious. What possessed the woman! He began to think she had been reading "Woodhull and Claflin."

"Think of the hours I've spent out doors, hoeing, ploughing, reaping and harvesting, etc., etc."

There! he felt relieved to think he had got the "and so forth" off so nicely. It sounded rather appalling. He didn't know why it didn't silence her—it most always had before.

"Think of the countless hours I've spent in doors, with no bountiful health-giving air, such as you breathed, Otis," the memories brought a sorrowful tone to her voice, "think of my sacrifices. I do not say you have made none. You have worked hard and been a faithful husband as far as your table is concerned. You have fed us with healthful food and said as few cross words as the majority of men perhaps, but Otis, your most serious fault has been a lack of appreciation for the beautiful and modern improvements."

Maggie and Winnie were lectured because they did not plant cabbages instead of roses, beans instead of pinks. You have thought the household needed no replenishing, and patents for the saving of woman's labor were nothing. But your barn can show all the modern improvements for labor saving in sowing, ploughing, reaping and planting. Otis, you, with no real unkind intentions, have not moved out of the groove in which your fathers thought of woman and her interests, more than fifty years ago.

Women with them, were mere automations hardly worth the paying for a patent, or anything else to save labor. Because they were wives, they must work on and be thankful they have their "name and protection."

He pulled his whiskers. He believed that woman meant to be personal.

"Now Otis, I'll sum up briefly, and then balance yours against it. I left a home, where I was an only daughter, did not work hard and came to the house, your father willed you, thirty-five years ago. I took charge of the in doors work. I did the whole work for your father's family of seven and took care of your sick mother till she died at the end of a year. Had you hired the needed help, it would have cost you even at that time \$7 00 per week for nurse, and housekeeper for six great men. The next year I did the same except the nursing—well we'll call it \$3 00 per week, which could not pay for two days labor had you paid me one-half as much as you paid your hired farm hands even then.

The close of the second year brought our first baby. The second year from that another and so on till the years brought me ten. I loved them and they have made me very happy, but Otis, compare my day's work with yours. Up at four to have breakfast for the farm hands, you out an hour later. One baby on hip, one crawling in night-dress under my feet and another begging to be dressed. No help—the hired help all belonged out doors. You see "the women's work is too light to hire on." At work cooking, churning, ironing, washing and everything else you can mention till after the last mouth was filled at night, children to bed. At sunset you retired because you had worked since sunrise. All the farm hands were sent there too, because they would get overdone before the season was over if they were not careful.

Another day's work had just commenced for me. The children's clothes to be mended, frocks to be washed out, for you remember you thought superfluous changes of frocks rather extravagant. The mouths were many. I knew you worked hard, so to save you, like many another woman, I worked the harder.

Eleven o'clock, oftener found me sewing than sleeping, and then a teething baby or another sick one in the crib beside the bed, furnished wakeful employment till daybreak, when my treadmill round began again.

Not that I murmured or rebelled Otis, I loved you and love you now. I thought it was a wife's duty and did it cheerfully, but since I have had more time for reading and thought, and our family grown smaller, I begin to think our accounts don't balance, so before I die, I thought I'd like to see a fair reckoning.

Perhaps the second wife won't be so particular, because I doubt not, like the generality of widowers, you'll rush about for furniture for every unfortunate room that stands forgotten now."

There was the old merry twinkle in her eye. She wasn't insane after all he didn't believe, but still he sort of felt shy of her. Women make violent maniacs.

"Suppose you make out your bill in the course of the day and I'll make out mine. If yours overgoes mine, the six chairs may stand in their grim majesty for the rest of my days. My lecture is ended—you may go Otis. There are

some farm tools that need mending I believe."

She didn't smile as she generally did when she set him to work so. She puzzled him this morning, "no mistake."

Now the reader must not think they were a quarrelsome couple. They were not. He was, as she had said, thinking just as his father did and his grandfather before him. She has always borne her burdens patiently, never fretted; the house was always neat and children clean, but he never went to thinking before. He began to think now, and wondered why that woman had known so much and kept it to herself so. He thought they told all they knew.

Oh no, Otis, there are volumes of truthful recitals of burden bearing women that would make tearful readers, I can assure you. The time is coming when they won't need to be written.

He rose up slowly and walked meditatively out. Immediately the little woman changed. She laughed outright.

"Well, he did take that lecture well. At first I had all I could do to keep sober—but it's the truth, every word of it. I ought to have commenced this series years ago. I've been some to blame. I don't believe he thought that there weren't but six chairs in there. He never would have bought that piano, if 'Squire Dawson hadn't promised him two sections of land at a liberal discount.

He tried to sell it till that gritty Maggie put \$300, in his hand five years after he bought it. She was determined she would own it, because she was afraid it would leave her some day. Otis hasn't meant to be unkind, but everything "outside of the hull," has been discarded as "useless rigging." Winnie, dear little blossom! will beautify. She manages her father pretty well. How she does plant the flowers and train the rose bushes! She wants to be married at home Thanksgiving, but she declares she won't stand up with those old chairs to frown at her. Doesn't believe she'd prosper, she says.

Says she knows she shall forget she is a bride, and start for the dining-room seventh! I can't blame her, and I'm determined that she shall be married here. It's my last girl, she has been a faithful little body, and I'm determined that there shall be a carpet, pictures, sofa and stuffed chairs in there before Thanksgiving. I guess I'll try to get my accounts straightened out a little before night. Wonder how his account will compare with mine! Let me see—How much must I allow for his "name and protection," I wonder! well, when I get to figuring, it will come to me, I guess," and her eyes winked merrily as she began to clear off the table.

That night she told Otis she guessed she'd take her knitting and sit with Farmer Clare's folks, "Winnie and Kate Clare have gone to singing school, and I might send Farmer Clare over to keep you company—but I guess it won't be best. I shan't be gone long."

"Humph!" after the door shut. "She's decidedly cool. Haven't seen her go out an evening before for months, unless she went with me to prayer meeting. Didn't ask me. Send Farmer Clare over. He shouldn't come if she did. If she's going to be insane, I want to be alone to think what to do with her.

Let me see, she's nearly fifty-five now—George! she's a pretty woman for that age, I declare! Insanity doesn't run in her family either. Her father was very sensible. Left all his property to her

for a wedding present. Very sensible, good natured folks!" and he picked up a sheet of paper.

"Otis Graves to L. Graves Dr.
It's a lie! I don't owe a soul. I settled up square as a brick to the first of November." He read on, in a voice that grew fainter and fainter. New revelations altogether.

"Otis Graves to L. Graves Dr.
1835.

To wedding dowry, as per William Wallace's will, \$8,000 00

To services as housekeeper for O. Graves thirty-five years, counting but twelve hours per diem at ten cents per hour, 15,330 00

To gratuitous services for same time as nurse, teacher, (school and music), physician and seamstress, 00,000 00

1850. To two lots woodland, as per Uncle's will, 370 00

Total \$23,700 00

Cr.
By clothes for thirty-five years at an average cost of \$100, per year, \$3,500 00

By Incidentals, 200, 00

Total \$3,700 00

Amount due Mrs. L. Graves,

Nov. 1870, \$20,000 00

Otis Graves' 'name and protection' to balance account, \$20,000 00

Received payment, (?)

Lucindy Graves.

November, 1870."

"No, she isn't crazy. No crazy woman made out that bill! Now look at that interrogation point after the 'Received payment!' Isn't that sarcastic? as if I hadn't paid her in full. I've told her hundreds of times to be careful in figures. Now she hasn't added nor multiplied that half right. I'll run it through and make it out right and leave it on the table for her to see. I shall go to bed before she comes, because I always, feel ashamed for anybody that makes mistakes in figures. There's no excuse for them.

8,000! that's right. That was a powerful help to me. I paid the mortgage on father's farm, \$5,000. Built a new barn for \$1,500. Bought two stout farm horses, ten cows, lots of fencing stuff, loads and loads of dressing, thirty acres more, and paid for getting the trees off and ready to plant. Built new hen houses, coops, pig pens, bought new fruit trees and stocked the old place generally. Father had been unfortunate and the place had got all run down. But now there isn't such a farm for miles, nor hasn't been for years. I can lay up a thousand a year easy from the dairy and farm. (Lucindy can manage that dairy to a charm. She sells more butter and cheese than any three women around here.) And I had a snug little sum left to draw interest ever since. Yes, that gave me a wonderful start," and he rubbed his hands meditatively.

\$15,330! She's made about \$14,000, mistake there!" Scratch went the pencil. "Didn't point off two places for cents I suppose. George! she has figured right. Well, I never thought of that! Ten cents an hour! no, that isn't high though. Come to think of it, I pay double to hired help on the farm. Twelve hours a day! now that's abominable!"

But he thought of the countless mornings she had risen before daybreak,

and the numberless nights that the clock had counted twelve ere she touched the pillow, beside the hours spent with sick babies, as she had said. He couldn't contradict that. Otis was a fair dealer in business.

"Gratuitous services! Now that's mean to fling that at me. Hasn't she had her liberty, and—" but he checked himself when he thought she hadn't been out of the town since she was married. And she hadn't made a figure for the profits on the different boarders she had taken first and last! The bill began to look fairer and he began to wish she hadn't made it out.

"Nurse and physician! When did she—" but he thought of the six months drag of his rheumatic fever, with the baby teething, of his bedridden mother, of Samuel's broken leg, of Otis's typhoid fever, not to mention the periodical attacks of chicken-pox, whooping-cough, measles, rash and mumps. He stopped there and went to the next.

"Two lots woodland! Yes, I got a bargain on that. I sold that in ten days after she gave it to me, for \$500. That's how I came to buy that land in Nebraska. I've sold it since, without even seeing it, for \$2,000. Now I should a'thought she'd credited herself with the whole \$2,000. I begin to think 'twould have been fairer. But then I was shrewd to turn it so. A woman couldn't a'done it.

Clothes only a \$100, a year! why Lucindy Graves! They must have cost seven times as much. Come to think she couldn't go to meeting or anywhere all the first of her days, the babies tied her in so.

Now that I think of it, I can't remember the last time she came to me for a dress. When did she have that black silk! That must have cost me considerable. But Maggie's beau presented her with that for Mag's wedding, didn't he! why I should a'thought I'd looked out for that. Ah! I have it I bought her a French calico—a pretty one too—just before Otis was married. Let me see, that was the last dress I bought her I know—and that was—well, Otis has been married most nine years." His ears began to redden. "Well, well, I suppose she's dressed herself out of the egg and dairy money. But she always kept debt and credit on my pass book as I told her to. She won't cheat a cent, I know that. Why where have her clothes come from! I suppose the children have bought them. Well she had ought to have mentioned it to me. I've had so much business I've sort of forgot and she never complains.

'Incidentals' What for? tea and coffee I suppose. She drinks considerable tea—but so do I. Well she's done the fair thing making out that bill I confess.

'Name and protection!' now that's dreadful sarcastic! But when he began to think how often he had quoted that, the "scales fell from his eyes and they were opened." He did go to bed 'before Lucindy returned,' but not because she had made the mistake in figures. It was his, and his oft quoted phrase came in just there—"there was no excuse."

The little woman returned and was soon sleeping sweetly by his side. She never kept awake to wonder how her ruse had worked. He knew how it had worked and couldn't go to sleep.

It is needless to add that Winnie was married on Thanksgiving day in the parlor, and she didn't forget and go for "the dining room seventh," because

there was no need of it. All said she "looked splendid" under the new chandelier in the white silk her father had given her, "with everything delightful to match."

As for "Lucindy," she took Otis place, for she privately thought he must be a little insane when Maggie came rushing from her city home with an elegant brown satin and the *etceteras* to be made ready for "Lucindy" to wear to the wedding.

Winnie and all the rest cried when he gave every child a check for a thousand, and "Lucindy" a deed of the farm her money bought so many years ago. It wasn't a good sign for a bride to cry, so they ended it with a merry dance; and how Otis Graves bore up under so much hugging and kissing was a mystery to the said Graves himself. That is how Mrs. Graves' parlor came to be furnished.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

Number Twenty-seven.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

Eureka! The touchstone is found at last; and henceforth there shall be no danger of mistaking the false for the true, the sham for the reality. Blessed through all the coming ages shall be gloves and pocket-handkerchiefs!

What am I making such a hullabaloo about? Girls of THE HOUSEHOLD, listen! Lend me your ears while I repeat to you the profound utterance of a morning paper. Hark! and be silent that you may hear!

"A true lady may always be known by her gloves and handkerchiefs."

There you have it word for word. Oracular, isn't it? No "ifs" nor "ans" about it, you see. Not a "but" nor a "perhaps" to qualify it. No weak quibbling, no vain attempt to soften matters, but a downright, out and out assertion,— "A true lady may always be known by her gloves and handkerchiefs."

What America owes to her daily and weekly Press will perhaps never be justly estimated. Some values are beyond all computation. Not that the science of numbers is at fault, but that the human mind is incapable of grasping and realizing the idea of such vast amounts. After it reaches a certain point, it merely reckons its billions and trillions, gaining therefrom no definite thought, no accuracy of detail.

So we acknowledge our indebtedness to the Press in a vague sort of way, benumbed as it were, by the magnitude of the obligation. It is no wonder. When we consider that such weighty apothegms, such profound truths, such incontrovertible axioms as the above are dispensed to us daily with our toast and coffee, from one twelve-month to another, for the paltry sum of eight or ten dollars a year, our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths and we are oppressed by an overwhelming sense of the inadequacy of words.

"A true lady may always be known by her gloves and handkerchiefs."

The world grows wiser, girls, with each successive generation. Now ages and ages ago when the Mrs. Methuselah who is talking to you to-day was as young as you are, things were not simplified for us in this remarkable way. There was no royal road to ladyhood then; no broad and beaten highway thrown up for the comfort of our inexperienced feet, with

guide-boards and mile-stones on either side, in the shape of heaps of snowy handkerchiefs and an army of immaculate gloves, each pointing with unerring finger toward the sought for goal. No, indeed!

In those benighted days it was vulgarly and most inconveniently supposed that what a woman *was* had something to do with the question as to her being a lady or no. Good-breeding, refinement, delicacy of thought and feeling, culture of the moral and spiritual faculties, as well as of the intellectual—all these were regarded as belonging of right to ladyhood. Ladyhood, in fact, was nothing less than a more exalted type of womanhood. Its crown, like that of martyrdom, could be worn only by those who had learned lessons of self-abnegation—the art of doing unto others as they would have others do unto them. We thought that a lady must lay aside all arrogance, all self-seeking; that she must be simple and gentle, and have the tact that would teach her how to be true to herself and yet avoid all unnecessary wounding of the feelings of others.

You see it was not exactly an easy matter. How it would have simplified our tasks if we had known that the wearing of spotless gloves and the carrying of perfumed, gossamer handkerchiefs, would have fixed our status at once and saved such a reckless expenditure of ease and patience!

Truly, girls, the lines have fallen to you in pleasant places. All of you, I do not doubt, wish to be ladies. You would like to be acknowledged as such and treated as such. Now that the Oracle has spoken, and you fully understand that the gloves and the handkerchiefs settle the question, you will have no further trouble. It does not matter how much you "scrimp" in other respects; it does not matter what the rest of your outfit may be; or whether you know anything; or whether your mother drudges in the kitchen all day long while you dandle your white hands; or whether your own room is a hurrah's nest for dirt and confusion; or whether you rail at the servants, scold the boys, or are impertinent to your father. If you can look down upon immaculate, well-fitting gloves, and wipe your delicate noses with dainty pocket-handkerchiefs, you are all right. Please accept my heartfelt congratulations.

Yet I am compelled to admit, after all, that the question has its difficulties. To some persons, unfortunately, this Sibylline utterance may prove to be a snare and a stumbling block. Good kid gloves cost from two to eight dollars a pair—according to quality and—buttons. I would remark here, parenthetically, that it is fearful to contemplate the fact that *perhaps* the buttons may be an essential consideration; and that while two or three buttons may stamp you as a lady at once, one button may have precisely the opposite effect and mark you as belonging to the *canaille*. But this thought is too painful to dwell upon, and I hasten on.

Good gloves, then, cost from two to eight dollars a pair; and it is to be presumed that poor ones will not answer the purpose at all. What is to be done with, or for, those unfortunate women who are compelled to wear shabby gloves or go without any?

For, ridiculous as it may seem, there really are women of most lady-like instincts, habits and aspirations, who cannot afford a new pair of gloves every month, or

even every six months; women whose eye for color, and whose appreciation of harmony is as keen and exquisite as yours can be; women who would like to have every tint and shade from head-gear to boots match perfectly or be in pleasing contrast. But they can't afford it. They must wear the old brown gloves because they have no money to spare for the new gray ones. It may be that they fully intended to give themselves a treat. But Tom needed a new reader; or John's boots gave out unexpectedly; or Mary's hat began to look too shabby for anything. Or perhaps it was a question between warm flannels and handsome gloves. Or some tempting book for which the soul had been hungering and thirsting, fell in the way, and for once the soul was stronger than the body.

What are we going to do with cases like these? Speak out, O Oracle, and tell us whether by no possibility the gloves and handkerchiefs can be ignored, and the woman be a lady in spite of them? Tell us if love and faith and duty, and the sacrificial offering of one's own tastes and desires upon the altar of another's good, count as nothing, and if gloves and what they symbolize are all?

Oh, girls, girls! I am afraid we must go back to conjugating our verbs again. First class in grammar, take your places! Now begin. Irregular verb *to be*, indicative mood, present tense.

I am.	We are.
You are.	You are.
He is.	They are.

It sounds all right, and rolls from our tongues as glibly as if we all understood what we were saying. And yet is there not some mistake about it, if what one *is*, is a matter of such small importance when compared with what one *does* or *wears*?

Is this just what I have said once before? Well, there are some truths that cannot be repeated too often; and this one, that I wish I could write in letters of gold over the bed of every girl that hears me, is perhaps the most vital truth of life. I would like to trace in characters of living light, where it should be last to catch your eyes at night and first in the morning, the truth that what you *are* is the great thing, after all. It is what you *are* that makes you a lady—not what you *wear*. I have seen gentlemen, many a time, in rough clothes and brogans; and I have seen bores in broadcloth and fine linen.

Yet this does not mean that dress is of no consequence. On the contrary, it is of great consequence, not only to yourselves but to other people. God has given us a beautiful world to live in, and we have no right to mar it with our unloveliness. It is the duty of women, especially, to make themselves in person as well as in character, as lovely, as beautiful, as they can; and graceful, well chosen attire is very important. Fitness is perhaps, the first thing to be regarded; for what is unfitting is unbeautiful, no matter how rare or how costly it may be. Simplicity and freshness belong to youth, and they should find expression in your dress.

Yes, girls, the pretty gloves and the laces and the handkerchiefs and the ribbons are all of them important. It is right that you should wear them, if you can earn them for yourselves, or if your fathers can afford to give them to you. Make yourselves as fresh and bright and charming as you can—even as God has clothed the

birds of the air and the flowers of the field with beauty as with a garment.

But do not forget that the true self—the *ego* that underlies all this outside, external fairness—is the real pearl after all. Do not lose yourselves in your clothes. Do not forget that to devote the entire energies of one's soul to taking care of a body, even if that body were as beautiful as any dream of Raphael or Phidias, is an ignoble thing. Do not forget that there can be, for a woman, no true, lasting beauty that does not emanate from a noble, tender, womanly soul.

LETTERS FROM AN OLD MAID.

Number Six.

Cousin John looked at his watch; it was half past eight. "It is time Dick Wolcott was here. He told you positively that he would come?" said John appealing to my brother.

"Why, yes, unless my ears deceived me he said something to that effect."

"He'll be here then shortly," said John in his decided way, "Dick's to be depended on, you know, when he says he will do a thing, he invariably does it."

"When it is possible," said I.

"But he doesn't promise anything that is impossible."

"Why, no, of course not intentionally, but no mortal knows what fate the future has in store for him, or what obstacles may arise to prevent the fulfillment of his intentions. In fact it is utterly impossible to know what is possible unless action proves the truth of the idea."

"What an argumentative mood Jane is in to-night!" said cousin John talking to my brother and at me. "But I can't allow her to believe there's only one side to that question." Turning to me, "I'm willing to own that it is impossible to know what will happen, but I think we frequently know what may happen, and if that is not knowing what is possible, what is it?"

"Why, it is exactly what you say it is—knowing what may happen; but there is a vast difference between that and knowing what is possible. We may from our knowledge of the ordinary courses of nature calculate with tolerable certainty upon the occurrence of many things, and yet how dare we assert beforehand that the accomplishment of any one of them is possible when we cannot know how much may happen to render it impossible?"

"She is as hard to hold as an eel," said John to my brother, "I'll try her now with a downright statement of facts. My dear cousin, I know that it is possible for Dick Wolcott to be here this evening for I saw him not two hours since in excellent health and spirits, when he expressed to me his intention of coming, and we all know that he is a man of his word."

"I beg your pardon," I returned, smiling. "All that doubtless leads you to suppose that he will be here, but is it any real assurance that he is alive and well and able to come at this moment?"

"Are you aware," said my brother, interrupting our friendly altercation, "that you are both in the same place you were when you started? Supposing you center your arguments on the medium ground that Dick will come if he can."

"My amiable peace-maker," said I, "we agree to do so."

"All right," said cousin John.

"We know," continued my brother, "that Dick is a man of his word, as John has just said, so there can hardly be a mistake or a chance for argument in asserting that he will keep it when he can. Dick's reliability in little as well as in great things is the strong point of his character. He is not over hasty in committing himself, but when he says he will do a thing, he says it with the firm intention and determination of doing it; and with him a thing determined upon is already half done. Some men are no more to be depended upon than the weather. They say one thing and do another. They are very plausible, very ready, very smooth-tongued, and also very slippery. There is no more fixedness to their opinions or principles than there is to a flea's position. Then there is another class of men who would consider it a great breach of trust and honor to forfeit their word in a matter of any great importance, but at the same time they are utterly regardless of their promises concerning things of trifling import. It is not that they are without respect for honesty and truthfulness, because their being trustworthy in larger matters proves that they believe honesty to be the best policy; but it is carelessness—it is a habit of saying things they do not mean and of making professions they do not feel which causes them to be so unreliable in little things. This habit is a bad one, but it is so very common that one learns to overlook it much oftener than he ought both in himself and others. We sometimes hear it said of a man that his word is as good as a bond, and such a tribute to a person's character always creates a prepossession in his favor among all classes of men.

The world is not so bad taken as a whole, as one might believe looking at some sides of it. There is honor even among thieves, and rays of light in the blackest hearts, and be assured that if a man's word is to be relied upon he will certainly obtain respect in any grade or station of life, for reliability is dependent upon many other good qualities for its existence. A man must have a nice sense of honor, a worthy pride in his own stability, and a good portion of self-respect, else he cannot at all times withstand the temptations which constantly arise to attract one from strict truthfulness. But if he has these qualities and does in consequence withstand temptation, he is in a moral sense, a strong man, and strength in any form is power, whether it is brute force or intellectual capacity; whether it is the power of the invisible laws of nature or of the mysterious providence which controls them, it is still strength whose essential attribute is to compel for itself recognition and ascendancy. But if I am not very much mistaken, that is Wolcott's step on the stairs."

"Yes, here he is!" said cousin John, who being nearest the door had opened it as the footsteps approached. "Well Dick, you're a little late. We've just been discussing the likelihood of your appearance this evening."

"Good evening to you all!" said Mr. Wolcott entering the room and shaking hands cordially all around. "So you wondered if I were coming, did you? That was hardly worth while for you might have been pretty certain that I would turn up sooner or later. It is a hobby of mine, you know, to keep all my promises whether little or great."

The remark was characteristic of the man, would that it were characteristic

of all mankind. A world without equivocation! Ah! my friends, we should not know where to find ourselves, and yet, taking things just as we find them, the world is not a bad one for you and me is it? With kindest wishes,

OLD MAID.

HOME COMFORTS.

"Where are you going, George?" asked Mrs. Wilson as her husband rose from the tea-table and took his hat.

"O, I am going out," was the careless response.

"But where?" asked his wife.

"But what odds does it make, Emma?" returned her husband. "I shall be back at my usual time."

The young wife hesitated, and a quick flush overspread her face. She seemed to have made up her mind to speak plainly on a subject which had lain uneasily upon her heart for some time, requiring an effort, but she persevered.

"Let me tell you what odds it makes to me," she said in a kind but tremulous tone. "If I cannot have your company here at home, I should at least feel much better if I knew where you were."

"But you know that I am safe, Emma, and what more can you ask?"

"I do not know that you are safe, George; I know nothing positively about you when you are away."

"Pooh! pooh! would you have it that I am not capable of taking care of myself?"

"You put a wrong construction upon my words, George. Love is always anxious when its dearest object is away. If I did not love you as I do I might not be thus uneasy. When you are at your place of business I do not feel thus, because I know I can seek and find you at any moment; but when you are absent during these long evenings I go to wondering where you are. Then I begin to feel lonesome; and so one thought follows another, till I feel troubled and uneasy. O, if you would only stay with me a portion of your evenings!"

"Aha! I thought that was what you were aiming at," said George, with a playful shake of the head. "You would have me here every evening."

"Well, can you wonder at it?" returned Emma. "I used to be very happy when you came to spend an evening with me before we were married; and I know I should be very happy in your society now."

"Ah," said George with a smile, "those were business meetings. We were arranging then for the future."

"And why not continue to do so, my husband? I am sure we could be as happy now as ever. If you will remember, one of your plans was to make a home."

"And haven't we got one, Emma?"

"We have certainly a place in which to live," answered the wife somewhat evasively.

"And it is our home," pursued George. "Besides," he added, with a sort of confident flourish, "home is the wife's peculiar province. She has the charge of it, and all her work is there, while the duties of the husband call him to other scenes."

"Well, I admit that, so far as certain duties are concerned," replied Emma. "And you must remember that we both need relaxation from labor; we need time for social and mental improvement and enjoyment, and what time have we for this save our evenings? Why should

not this be my home of an evening as well as the day time and in the night?"

"Well, isn't it?" asked George.

"How can it be when you are not here at all? What makes a home for children if it be not the abode of the parents? What home can a husband have where there is no wife? And what real home comforts can a wife enjoy where there is no husband? You do not consider how lonesome I am all alone here during these long evenings. They are the very seasons when I am at leisure to enjoy your companionship and when you would be at leisure to enjoy mine, if it is worth enjoying. They are the seasons when the happiest hours of home-life might be passed, if we determined it should be so. Come, will you spend a few of your evenings with me?"

"You see enough of me as it is," said the husband lightly.

"Allow me to be the best judge of that, George. You would be very lonesome here all alone."

"Not if it was my place of business, as it is yours," returned the young man.

"You are used to staying here. All wives belong at home."

"Just remember, my husband, that previous to our marriage I had pleasant society all the time. Of course, I remained at home much of my time; but I had a father and mother there, and I had brothers and sisters, and our evenings were happily spent. Finally I gave up all for you. I left the old home and sought a home with my husband. And now have I not a right to expect some of your companionship? How would you like it to have me away every evening while you were obliged to remain here alone?"

"Why, I should like it well enough."

"Ah! but I know you would not be willing to try it."

"Yes I would," said George at a venture.

"Will you remain here every evening next week and allow me to spend my time among my female friends?"

"Certainly I will," he replied, "and I confidently assure you I shall not be as lonesome as you imagine."

With this the husband went out and was soon among his friends. He was an industrious man and loved his wife truly, but like thousands of others he had contracted a habit of spending his evenings abroad, and thought it no harm.

His only practical idea of home seemed to be that it was a place that his wife took care of, and where he could eat, drink, and sleep, as long as he could pay for it. In short, he treated it as a sort of private boarding-house, of which his wife was landlady, and if he paid all the bills he considered his duty done. His wife had frequently asked him to stay at home with her, but she had never ventured upon any argument before, and he had no conception of how much she missed him. She always seemed happy when he came home, and he supposed she could always be so.

Monday evening came, and George Wilson remained true to his promise. His wife put on her bonnet and shawl, and he said he would remain and keep house.

"What will you do when I am gone?" Emma asked.

"O, I shall read, and sing, and enjoy myself generally."

"Very well," said Emma, "I shall be back early."

The wife went out and the husband was left alone. He had an interesting

book, and he began to read it. He read till eight o'clock and then he began to yawn, and looked frequently at the clock. The book did not interest him as usually.

Ever and anon he would come to a passage which he knew would please his wife, and instinctively he turned as though he would read it aloud; but there was no wife to hear it. At half past eight o'clock he rose from his chair and began to pace the floor and whistle. Then he went and got his flute and played several of his favorite airs. After this he got a chess-board and played a game with an imaginary partner. Then he walked the floor and whistled again. Finally the clock struck nine, and his wife returned.

"Well, George," said she, "I am back in good time. How have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Capitally," returned the husband; "I had no idea it was so late. I hope you have enjoyed yourself?"

"O, splendidly!" said his wife; "I had no idea how much enjoyment there was away from home. Home is a dull place, after all, isn't it?"

"Why, no, I can't say that it is," returned George, carelessly. "In fact," he added, "I rather like it."

"I am glad of that," retorted Emma, "for we shall have a nice, comfortable week of it."

George winced at this, but he kept his countenance and determined to stand it out.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go off again.

"I shall be back in good time," she said.

"Where are you going, Emma?" her husband asked.

"O, I can't tell exactly. I may go to several places."

So George Wilson was left alone again, and he tried to amuse himself as before, but he found it a difficult task. Ever and anon he would cast his eyes on that empty chair, and the thought would come, "how pleasant it would be if she were here!" The clock finally struck nine, and he began to listen for the steps of his wife. Half an hour more slipped by, and he became very nervous and uneasy.

"I declare," he muttered to himself after he had listened for some time in vain, "this is too bad. She ought not to stay out so late."

But he happened to remember that he often remained away much later than that, so he concluded that he must make the best of it.

At a quarter to ten Emma came home.

"A little late, am I not?" she said, looking up at the clock. "But I fell in with some old friends. How have you enjoyed yourself?"

"First-rate," returned George bravely. "I think home is a capital place."

"Especially when a man can have it all to himself," added the wife with a sidelong glance at her husband. But he made no reply.

On the next evening Emma prepared to go out as before; but this time she kissed her husband ere she went, and seemed to hesitate about leaving.

"Where do you think of going?" George asked in an undertone.

"I may drop in and see uncle John," replied Emma. "However, you won't be uneasy. You will know I'm safe."

"O, certainly," said her husband; but when left to his own reflections he began to ponder seriously upon the subject thus presented for consideration. He could not read, he could not play, or enjoy him-

self in any way, while the chair was empty. In short, he found that home had no real comfort without his wife. The one thing needed to make George Wilson's home pleasant was not present.

"I declare," he said to himself, "I did not think it would be so lonesome. And can it be that she feels as I do when she is here all alone? It must be so," he pursued thoughtfully; "it is just as she says. Before we were married she was very happy in her childhood's home. Her parents loved her, and her brothers and sisters loved her, and they did all they could to make her comfortable."

After this he walked up and down the room several times, and then stopped again and communed with himself.

"I can't stand this," said he, "I should die in a week. If Emma were here I think I could amuse myself very well. How lonesome and dreary it is! And only eight o'clock! I declare I've a mind to walk down as far as uncle John's and see if she is there. It would be a relief if I could only see her. I won't go in. She shan't know yet that I hold out so faintly."

George Wilson took another turn across the room, glanced once more at the clock, and then took his hat and went out. He locked the door after him, and then bent his steps toward uncle John's. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the air was keen and bracing. He was walking along with his eyes bent upon the pavement, when he heard a light step approaching him. He looked up and—he could not be mistaken—saw his wife. His first impulse was to avoid her, but she had recognized him.

"George," she said in surprise, "can this be you?"

"It is," was the response.

"And do you pass your evenings at home?"

"This is the first time I have been out, Emma, upon my word; and even now I have not been absent from the house ten minutes. I merely came out to take the fresh air. But where are you going?"

"I am going home, George; will you go with me?"

"Certainly," returned the husband.

She then took his arm and they walked home in silence.

When Emma had taken of her things she sat down in her chair and looked at the clock.

"You are home very early to-night," remarked George.

The young wife looked up into her husband's face, and with an expression half smiling and half tearful she said, "I will confess the truth, George—I have given up the experiment. I managed to stand it last evening, but I could not bear it through to-night. When I thought of you here all alone I wanted to be with you. It didn't seem right. I haven't enjoyed myself at all. I have not any home but this."

"Say you so?" cried George, moving his chair to his wife's side and taking her hand. "Then let me make my confession. I have stood it not a whit better. When I left the house this evening I could bear it no longer. I found that this was no home for me while my wife was absent. I thought I would walk down to uncle John's and see your face, if possible. I had gazed upon your empty chair till my heart ached."

He kissed her as he spoke, and then added, while she reclined her head upon his arms, "I have learned a lesson. Your presence here is like the bursting forth of the sun after a storm; and if you

love me as I love you—which, of course, I cannot doubt—my presence may afford some sunlight for you. At all events, our next experiment shall be to that effect. I will try and see how much home comfort we can find while we are here to enjoy it."

Emma was far too happy to express her joy in words; but she expressed it, nevertheless, and in a manner not to be mistaken.

The next evening was spent at home by husband and wife, and it was a season of much enjoyment. In a short time George began to realize how much comfort was to be found in a quiet and peaceful home, and the longer he enjoyed this comfort the more plainly did he see and understand the simple truth that it takes two to make a happy home, and if the wife is one party the husband must be the other.



FORGIVE AND FORGET.

Forgive and forget—it is better

To fling every feeling aside,
Than allow the deep cankering fester
Of revenge in thy breast to abide
For thy step through life's path shall be lighter
When the load from thy bosom is cast,
And the sky that's above thee be brighter
When the cloud of displeasure is passed.

Though thy spirit swell high with emotion,
To give back as injustice again,
Let it sink in oblivion's ocean,

For remembrance increases the pain;
And why should we linger in sorrow
When its shadow is passing away:
Or seek to encounter to-morrow
The blast that o'erswept to-day?

Oh memory's a varying river,
And though it may placidly glide,
When the sunbeams of joy over it quiver,
It foams when the storm meets the tide.
Then stir not its current to madness,
For its wrath thou wilt ever regret,
Though the morning beams break on thy sadness
Ere the sunset forgive and forget.

WAY NOTES.

Number Twelve.

AMERICAN Art in Rome. A Visit to the Studios. The Church of St. John Lateran; Holy Stair-case. The Villa Albani. Trip to Naples. Visit to the Buried City of Herculaneum and the Ruins of Pompeii, etc.

NAPLES, January 18, 1872.

The peculiar advantages offered by Rome in the vast collections of painting and statuary which adorn the walls of its palaces and fill the halls of the Vatican, the Capitol, and the grounds of the beautiful villas in the environs, have rendered it the Mecca of all art students whose ideal is above the commonplace, and whose ambition is to advance the standard of art criticism and to progress in the profession to which they have devoted their time and talent; hence we here find the Teuton and the Gaul, the Englishman, and last, but far from least, our Young America enters the field of competition, and thus far with credit to themselves and to the great country they represent, vying successfully with their compeers of the continent both in the school of painting and of sculpture. One of our gifted countrymen, Mr. T. Buchanan Read, even uniting the two

and excelling in both, while the inspiring eloquence of his patriotic verses justly entitle him to the threefold distinction of artist, poet and sculptor, a proud title seldom conferred upon one man since the days of Michel Angelo. After an introduction to Mr. Read, in the rooms of the American club, I was invited to visit his studio, and was glad of an opportunity to compare American and foreign art. Here I saw his master-piece, "Sheridan's Ride," representing the gallant "Phil" flying to the rescue of the demoralized Army. This wonderful painting is already too familiar to the American public to require a detailed description here, while the verses by the same author have won deserved popularity from the Atlantic to the Pacific and are now familiar as "household" words to every American school-boy. The "Pleiades," representing a group of fairy spirits gliding through the air, exhibits a degree of ideality and grace seldom seen upon the canvass. Mr. Read produces nothing which does not bear the impress of his master genius, and our country may well be proud of so worthy a representative in the art center of the world.

A day or two later I visited the studio of one of our rising sculptors, Mr. J. H. Haseltine of Philadelphia. Hardly had he established himself in Rome and entered upon his studies when our civil war broke out, and so imperative appeared to him the duty of adding the weight of his personal example and influence to the suppression of the rebellion, that art and ambition were forgotten and he hastened to the scene of conflict. After serving in the Union ranks and witnessing the downfall of the rebellion, he returned to the scene of his art labors, and under the inspiration of the patriotic impulse which had prompted him to serve his country in her hour of peril, he produced the beautiful subject, well known in American art circles, entitled, "America honoring her fallen brave;" also, the full length figure of "America Victorious." Among other original compositions of Mr. Haseltine are "Superstition," representing the Hindoo mother sacrificing her child to Moloch, and as a counterpart to this is "Religion," representing the Christian mother offering her child for baptism; also, "Spring Flowers," representing the joy of spring, and "Autumn Leaves," or nature drooping in the fall. Many other subjects, including a magnificent life-like bust of Phil. Sheridan, for which he sat on his late visit to Rome, adorn the niches of this favorite studio, which is justly esteemed among Americans as one of the "sights" of the capital. Mr. Simmonds, of Rhode Island, many of whose works adorn the capitol at Washington, is also one of the rising young sculptors of Rome.

A day or two before leaving the city I walked out with a friend to enjoy the beauties of the Campagna. The sun was out bright and warm as a June day, and all nature seemed to brighten under its influence. After inspecting the buried tombs and monuments which line this great thoroughfare of the past, we returned and followed the outer circuit of the walls to the church of St. John Lateran, near which we saw the "Scala Santa," or Holy Stairway, the stone steps composing which tradition avers to have been brought from Pilate's judgment hall at Jerusalem, and to have been trodden by the feet of our Saviour. Up this stairway devotees are permitted to ascend only on their knees, and half a dozen of both sexes were then "doing

penance" in this singular manner, stopping on each step to repeat their prayers. History informs us that Luther, while thus engaged as a devout Catholic, when he had gone half way suddenly thought of the passage, "The just shall live by faith," and such was the force of the conviction of the real meaning of the text upon his mind, that he indignantly rose to his feet denouncing the hollow superstition foisted upon the credulity of an ignorant populace, and adding another argument to the accumulating influences which were preparing him to be the leader of the great reactionary movement which shook to its foundation the old system and resulted in the great reformation which bears his name.

The following day I visited the church of the Capucines, near the Piazza Barberini, founded by the Capucin cardinal Barberini, during the Pontificate of Urban VIII, an interesting feature in which is the magnificent oil painting by Guido representing the archangel Saint Michel. Under the walls of this church is one of the greatest curiosities of Rome—a subterranean cemetery in which the walls are ornamented with human bones, arranged artistically in various designs and patterns, with hanging lamps of like material. The cemetery is composed of half a dozen little rooms, or three sided compartments, in which, on either side is an arch, and in the end three or four niches, all formed of human bones. In each niche stood a monk of the order clad in his monkish robes, the long cloak and hood, each grasping a cross; the skin hard and dried clinging to the face and hands like shrivelled parchment, while in some cases the hair and beard were well preserved and almost as natural as in life; a ghastly spectacle from which one is soon glad to turn to the contemplation of life, light and motion.

The same day I visited the Catacombs of St. Calistus, the only ones which are always open to the public. The Catacombs of Rome number in all about sixty, and consist of narrow subterranean corridors containing on either side shelves for the reception of the bodies, and at irregular intervals square rooms bearing still the traces of the ancient frescoes which decorated the walls. These served as chapels or family vaults. Few have had any adequate conception of the immense extent of these subterranean burial places. According to a reliable authority, were they to be united in one continuous corridor they would form a street nine hundred English miles in length. Most of them are very narrow and low, and in some cases as many as five galleries are placed one above the other, the lower one being fifty feet or more below the surface of the ground. The Catacombs which form the subject of my present letter are situated a short distance beyond the Porta San Sebastian, and received their name from the Pope, their founder, in the early days of the Christian church. They are reached by descending fifty or sixty stone steps, where we are furnished with a guide and torches. On either side we see the shelves where once lay the bodies of Christian martyrs and others, which have since been removed, so that now we see only here and there a skull or other bones to indicate the character of the place. Two marble sarcophagi were shown us, through the heavy glass covering of which we saw a human skeleton and a mummy; aside from this there was little to excite the interest of the

visitor except the historic associations which attach to these passages as the refuge of the early Christians from their persecutors. Many new entrances to the Catacombs have been lately discovered in the Campagna, some of them opening from some recess in a retired garden or other unfrequented spot. The frescoes most perfectly preserved are those of the latter part of the second century, and form fair specimens of the art of that epoch.

After a pleasant residence of a month in the "Eternal City," I started in company with Dr. and Mrs. Evans of Paris, and Bishop Stevens and wife of Pennsylvania, for Naples. The interval of seven hours passed rapidly by, and at eight o'clock we reached this beautiful city, whose far famed bay is perhaps without an equal in the world. Beyond, rose old Vesuvius, the smoke of its smouldering fires ever issuing from the crater and floating off a long, dark cloud upon the quiet air; the dark waters of the bay gleaming here and there with the light of some tardy fisherman returning to his humble home after the toil and labor of the day; the tall masts of the merchant fleet representing the commerce of every clime lined the wharves; in twenty minutes the panorama was cut short by our arrival at the Hotel de Geneve, where the gentlemanly attendants soon provided comfortable apartments and the equally welcome comfortable supper, for which there is no better or more fitting preparation than seven or eight hours on the cars.

G. W. T.

MAKE HOME ATTRACTIVE.

Here is another fine extract from Dr. Aikman's "Life at Home."

No child, however sentimental, will love a home simply because it has the name of one. If we would have our children love it, we must make it lovely—we must give them something to love in the home.

Now if the principal ideas which a child has of his home are, that it is a place where he gets his meals and where he sleeps; where, if he is little, he is perpetually found fault with; where he must keep quiet; where at night-fall he must sit stupidly waiting till bed-time; or, if he have grown older, he can only deem it a dreary room in which he must employ himself as best he may, while the father sits at his paper or dozes in his chair, and the mother is silently busy with her sewing or her book; if such be the aspect of home, one need not wonder that children learn to look elsewhere for pleasure, and seek to find amusement in other circles, or that home is forsaken as soon as it is possible to leave it.

It is practicable to make home so delightful that children shall have no disposition to wander from it or prefer any other place; it is possible to make it so attractive that it shall not only firmly hold its own loved ones, but shall draw others into its cheerful circle. Let the house, all day long, be the scene of pleasant looks, pleasant words, kind and affectionate acts; let the table be the happy meeting-place of a merry group, and not a dull board where a silent, if not sullen company of animals come to feed; let the meal be the time when a cheerful laugh is heard and good things are said; let the sitting-room, at evening, be the place where a smiling company settle themselves to books or games till the round of good-night kisses are in order;

let there be some music in the household; music not kept like silk and satin to show to company, but music in which father and mother and sister and brother join; let the young companions be welcomed and made for the time a part of the group, so that daughters shall not deem it necessary to seek the obscurity of back parlors with intimate friends, or to drive father and mother to distant apartments; in a word, let the home be surrounded by an air of cozy and cheerful good-will; then children need not be exhorted to love it, you will not be able to tempt them away from it.

The ties which bind a child to home are created not so much out of great as from little things; some of them I have hinted at, and many more will suggest themselves to a wise parent. There should be a good many holidays in the home. I believe in anniversaries, and I love, by observing them, to connect time with events, and so give to both a deeper interest. The birth-days of a family should be always noticed, and, in some way, celebrated. The busy preparation of the whole household to make some present to father or mother or sister or brother on a birth-day or holiday; the many plans, the workings in by-corners and at odd times; the bundling of work out of sight as the step of the favored one is heard; the careful stowing of gifts away till the appointed time; and then, when the looked-for day has come, the presentations, the confused and merry voices, the filled eye, the choked voice, the heart too full to speak in words, memory touched as with an angel's hand, love that can only look its thanks—all these! who can tell their sweet and mighty power? A home familiar to such scenes, will it, can it be one that children shall not love? No, no, from it, when the inexorable time comes to go away, daughters shall pass with sobs of sorrow, and sons with pressed lips and swimming eyes, and while mother lives it will be a home still, home, though years have gone and other homes have claimed them.

THE ELDER SISTER.

There is no character in the home circle more useful and beautiful than a devoted elder sister who stands side by side with the toiling mother, lightening all her cares and burdens. How beautifully the house machinery moves on with efficient help. Now she presides at the table in the mother's absence, always attired so neatly that it is with pleasure that the father introduces her to his guests as "our eldest daughter." Now she takes the little troop into the garden, and amuses them so mother may not be disturbed in her work or rest. Now she helps the boys over their hard lessons, or else reads father's paper aloud to rest his tired eyes. If mother can run away for a few day's recreation, she leaves home without anxiety, for Mary will guide the house wisely during her absence. But in the sick room her presence is an especial blessing. Her hand is next to mother's own in gentleness and skill. Her sweet music can charm away any pain, and brighten the weariest hour. There are elder sisters whose presence is not such a blessing in the house. Their own selfish ends and aims are the main pursuit of life, and anything that stands in the way of these is regarded with great impatience. Such daughters are no comfort to a mother's heart. What kind of an elder sister are you in the household?

GOLDEN GRAINS.

—It is sweet to have friends you can trust, and convenient, sometimes, to have friends who are not afraid to trust you.

—A town in Iowa has a peculiarly inappropriate name, being called Cascade, although the people have to go five miles for water.

—The greatest treasure is contentment; the greatest luxury is health; the greatest comfort is sleep; and the best medicine is a true friend.

—Goethe says that one ought every day to hear a song, to read a good poem, to see a fine picture, and if it be possible, to speak a few reasonable words.

—A fresh acquaintance is often like a breath of fresh air, it liberates the fixed atmosphere, and lets in the hopeful ozone that purifies and quickens social life.

—Kind words are blessed things. Speak them every day. Scatter them like sunbeams everywhere. They will bless others and then return to bless your own heart.

—A well known author says that nothing baffles curiosity, eludes pursuit, and generally mystifies the human intelligence like the plain, simple and unvarnished truth.

—The truly great and good, in affliction bear a countenance more princely than they are wont; for it is the temper of the highest hearts, like the palm-tree, to strive most upward when most burdened.

—Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

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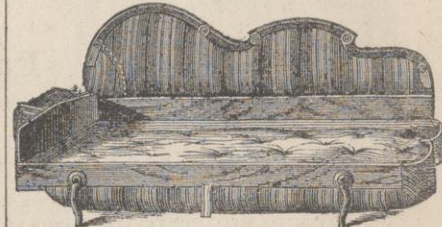
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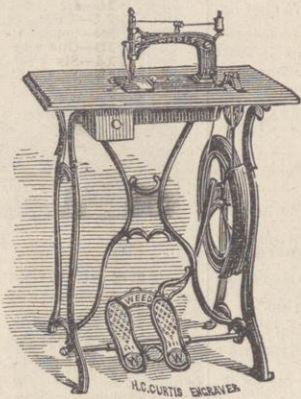
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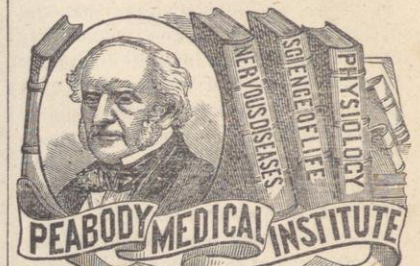
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The completion of the Massawippi Valley Rail-
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1:20 P. M. Leave Greenfield for Boston at 6:30,
9:35 A. M., and 2:30 P. M. Leave Brattleboro for
Boston at 9:00 A. M., and 1:50 P. M.Trains leave Greenfield for Turners Falls at 6:40,
9:50 and 11:55 A. M., and 4:30 P. M. Leave Turners
Falls for Greenfield at 7:30 and 11:10 A. M., and 1:50
and 5:40 P. M.Passengers taking the 6:30 train from Greenfield
can go to Boston and return same day, having 5
hours in Boston.The 6:00 A. M. train from Greenfield connects at
Fitchburg with trains for Providence, Taunton and
Newport. The 7 A. M. and 1:20 P. M. trains from
Hoosac Tunnel connect at Fitchburg with trains for
Worcester, Providence, Taunton and Newport.

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WINTER ARRANGEMENT.

Commencing Monday, Jan. 1, 1872.

TRAINS GOING SOUTH.

Mail train leaves Ogdensburg at 6:00 p. m.; St.
Albans at 6:20 a. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via
W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 2:25 p. m., Brattleboro
at 3:30 p. m., Grout's Corner at 4:30 p. m., New Lon-
don at 9:30 p. m., connecting with steamer for New
York. This train will leave Brattleboro on Monday
mornings at 4:42 a. m., arriving at Grout's Corner at
5:35 a. m.Night Express leaves Ogdensburg at 12:00 m.,
Montreal at 3:30 p. m., St. Johns at 4:50 p. m., St.
Albans at 7:20 p. m., arriving in Bellows Falls (via
W. R. Junction or Rutland) at 3:25 a. m., Brattleboro
at 4:20 a. m., South Vernon at 4:45 a. m., Grout's
Corner at 5:15 a. m., and New London at 11:05 a. m.Mixed Train leaves White River Junction at 4:50 a.
m., Rutland at 4:30 a. m., Bellows Falls (accommoda-
tion) 7:45 a. m., Brattleboro 8:41 a. m., South Vernon
at 9:10 a. m., Grout's Corner at 9:50 a. m., arriving
in New London at 5:10 p. m.Express leaves Brattleboro at 2:00 p. m., South
Vernon at 2:22 p. m., arriving at Grout's Corner
at 2:50 p. m.

TRAINS GOING NORTH AND WEST.

Mail train leaves Boston via Lowell, at 7:00 a. m.,
via Lawrence and Fitchburg at 7:30 a. m., Spring-
field at 8:00 a. m., New London at 9:00 a. m., Grout's
Corner at 9:25 a. m., South Vernon at 10:45 a. m.,
Brattleboro at 10:35 a. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R.
Junction or Rutland) at 11:50 a. m., for Burlington
and St. Albans. This train connects at W. R.
Junction with Boston Express train for Montreal
and Ogdensburg.Express leaves Grout's Corner at 11:20 a. m., ar-
riving in Brattleboro at 12:20 p. m.Accommodation leaves New London at 8:10 a. m.,
Grout's Corner at 3:30 p. m., South Vernon at 4:00
p. m., Brattleboro at 4:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (mixed)
at 5:35 p. m., arriving in W. R. Junction at 8:30 p. m.,
and Rutland at 8:30 p. m.Night express leaves New London at 2:45 p. m.,
Grout's Corner at 9:00 p. m., South Vernon at 9:58
p. m., Brattleboro at 10:20 p. m., Boston (via Fitch-
burg) at 5:30 p. m., Bellows Falls (via W. R. Junction
or Rutland) at 11:20 p. m., connecting at W. R.
Junction with train leaving Boston (via Lowell) at
6:00 p. m., at Rutland with trains from Troy, etc.,
arriving in St. Albans at 6:20 a. m., Montreal at 9:45
a. m., Plattsburgh at 12:00 m., and Ogdensburg at
12:45 p. m.Connections at Grout's Corner with trains over Vt.
& Mass., and New London Northern Railroads; South
Vernon with trains over Conn. River R. R.; at Bel-
lows Falls with Cheshire R. R.; at W. R. Junction
with trains to and from Boston, via Lowell, and Conn.
and Pass. Rivers R. R.; at Rutland with Rensselaer
& Saratoga, and Harlem extension Railroads; at St.
Johns with Grand Trunk Railway; also at Ogdens-
burg with the Grand Trunk Railway, and the Rome,
Watertown & Ogdensburg for the west; with St.
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